SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN

—FOR THE—

KINDERGARTENS AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

ELEANOR SMITH.

PART 1.

SONGS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN

PART 1

A COLLECTION OF

SONGS AND GAMES

...FOR...

KINDERGARTENS AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED

..BY...

ELEANOR SMITH

PUBLISHERS:

MILTON BRADLEY CO., Springfield, Mass.

THOMAS CHARLES CO.,

195 and 197 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO.

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TO CHICAGO KINDERGARTNERS,

And to Lovers of Children Everywhere,

This book is dedicated,

By its author, ELEANOR SMITH.

INDEX.

MORNING SONGS.

No.			Page.
1.	God Sends His Bright Spring Sun	*Eleanor Smith.*	1
2.	Morning Prayer	*Randegger.*	2
3.	Morning Prayer	*Reinecke.*	5
4.	Hymn for a Little Child	*Eleanor Smith.*	6
5.	The Morning Sun Is Shining	*Eleanor Smith.*	7
6.	Morning Greeting	" "	8
7.	Good Morning Merry Sunshine	" "	9

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

8.	When the Earth Wakes up in Gladness	*F. E. Fesca.*	11
9.	In the Snowing and the Blowing	*Eleanor Smith.*	12
10.	Spring Song	*Halfdan Kjerulf.*	13
11.	A Little White Daisy	*Eleanor Smith.*	14
12.	Merrily We Dance	" "	15
13.	Spring Song	*Mendelssohn.*	16
14.	Easter Song	*Eleanor Smith.*	17
15.	Happy Summer		18
16.	All the Birds Have Come Again		20
17.	Summer Song	*Eleanor Smith.*	21
18.	Good-bye to Summer	" "	22
19.	The Autumn Winds are Crying	" "	24
20.	Do the Little Brown Twigs Complain	" "	26
21.	Little White Feathers	" "	27
22.	When the Snow is on the Ground	*J. W. Elliott.*	28
23.	The North Wind	" "	30
24.	Christmas Hymn	*Eleanor Smith.*	31
25.	Christmas Carol	*J. W. Elliott.*	32
26.	Waken, Little Children	*Wm. Ashmall.*	33
27.	Christmas at the Door	*Reinecke.*	34
28.	The Snow Clouds	*Eleanor Smith.*	35

GIFT SONGS.

29.	The Bed		37
30.	The Flower Bed	*Eleanor Smith.*	38
31.	A Garden Fence	" "	40
32.	The Tower	" "	40
33.	The Millstone. (Ball Song.)	" "	41
34.	From Dust and Grit. (Ball Song.)	" "	42
35.	Dear Little Ball. (Ball Song.)	" "	42
36.	High in the Clear Air. (Ball Song.)	*J. W. Elliott.*	42
37.	The Little Bird. (Ball Song.)	*Eleanor Smith*	43
38.	So Bright and So Round. (Ball Song.)	" "	44
39	The Little Child Asleep. (Ball Song.)	" "	44
40.	I Lead My Lambkin. (Ball Song.)	" "	45
41.	Bell So High. (Ball Song.)		46

FINGER GAMES.

42. All Gone, Baby 47
43. Pat-a-cake ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 48
44. This Is the Mother ..... " " 50
45 Thumbs and Fingers Say "Good Morning." ..... " " 52
46. Thumbkin Says "I'll Dance." ..... " " 53
47. Go to Sleep Thumbkin ..... " " 54
48. In a Hedge ..... " " 56
49. The Basket ..... " " 57
50. Sunshine Song ..... " " 58
51. The Dove Cote ..... " " 59
52. Finger- Piano ..... " " 61
53. Children on the Tower ..... " " 62

MARCHING SONGS.

54 Hark! Hark! Like the Lark ..... *Reinecke.* 66
55 We are Little Soldier Men ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 68
56 With Footsteps Firm ..... *Kuecken.* 69

CIRCLE GAMES.

57. Choosing the Game 71
58. Five Riders and Good Child ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 72
59. Ring Around the Posy Bed ..... " " 74
60. The Wind Mill ..... *A. Jensen.* 76
61. The Mill ..... *Reinecke.* 78

TRADE SONGS.

61 *b.* Mowing Song ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 79
62. Alice's Supper ..... " " 80
63. The Blacksmith ..... *G. F. Händel.* 82
64. The Carpenter ..... *Eleanor Smith* 84

MISCELLANEOUS.

65. The Violet ..... *Reinecke.* 85
66. The Daisy ..... " " 86
67. The Forget-me-not ..... " " 87
68. The Birth-day Song ..... " " 88
69. Rain Song ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 88
70. Wind Song ..... " " 90
71. Thank You Pretty Cow ..... " " 91
72 I Love Little Pussy ..... *J. W. Elliott.* 92
73 Slumber Song ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 93
74 Sleep, Baby, Sleep ..... *German.* 96
75 Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star ..... *J. W. Elliott.* 97
76 The Baby and the Moon ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 98
77 Can you Count the Stars? ..... " " 100
78 Little Boy Blue ..... *J. W. Elliott.* 102
79 Little Sunbeam ..... " " 103
80 The Light Bird ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 104
81 A Song of Kindness ..... *J. W. Elliott.* 106

CLOSING SONGS.

82 Little Songs and Little Dances ..... *Eleanor Smith.* 107
83 Now the Day is Over ..... *J. Barnby* 108
84 Evening Prayer ..... *Reinecke.* 109

PREFACE.

"Of making many books, there is no end." In adding another to an already large collection of songs for children, it seems right to offer a reason for our action.

In all the "Kindergarten songs" which we have heard and examined, (and the list includes all, I think, which have been published in England and America,) there is much that is unsatisfactory both in music and words.

In the presentation of form to the children, care is taken that the solids and planes should be prepared with the greatest possible exactness. The children build, outline, and to some extent analyze the geometric forms, according to certain laws. This is done in order that the perceptions which are awakened may later grow into clearer concepts, and so help the child in future school and life work.

The colors which are presented in the first gift are standard colors, and offer a fundamental basis for all future work with color. From the modification and blending of these, should grow a love for and a knowledge of the harmonies of color, and of the science on which these harmonies depend.

In the movement plays we try to help the child to express himself in accordance with known laws which govern this form of expression.

Is it less important that that which comes to the ear, that which helps so much in the ethics and esthetics of the kindergarten, should be most carefully and wisely placed before the children? It is said sometimes that music is only a matter of feeling, that it touches only the affectional or emotional side of the being, and that any music which will awaken a pleasurable sense is all that is necessary for children. Froebel distinctly says that the "fostering of the trinity, mother-love, mother-song, and mother-play," is the object of his 'Mutter and Koese Lieder:' and for what? not for present delight alone, but that these may be the means by which the little child is led to "clear thinking, right feeling, and noble doing." Nothing, he says, should be left to chance, but every environment should have in it a germ of something better, into which the present may lead.

Surely the effect on the child's heart and mind, of music and words written in conformity to laws of rhythm, cannot be *less* helpful, than much of that commonly used, which violates laws of music and language.

Is it not true that the more we know of music, the more beauty we find in compositions which at first we enjoyed only in a sensuous way? The music given to little children should always come down to this external plane, but it must also have in it real help for the development of the true, the beautiful, and the good. It should lead the children farther on in the study and exercise of what is best in this direction.

As in the first gift, there should be in all of our songs a unity, a simplicity, a sympathetic element, which, while satisfying the fickleness of child nature, will point steadily and surely to higher ideals. The teacher can hardly have too large a store from which to choose that which is best suited to the needs of each and all. I cannot think that those melodies which have often been selected for their "taking" character only, are always harmless in their effect. May it not be that the standard of the music-loving public, is to-day at a lower stand-point, because of its indulgence and exercise in what we have been accustomed to call 'pretty tunes' but which have really no merit. We must know more, then we shall choose better; the teacher may not herself urge the plea of not knowing about these matters. People of good musical knowledge and taste are always ready to help us in the selection of our music.

Herbert Spencer says that at the time of the unfolding of any faculty it is most keenly active, and that it cannot in its weak state resist external impressions, but that its first throbbings become less and less sensitive as the action becomes more and more habitual, and that the first impressions finally give a lasting coloring to the concept. How important, then, the first music of children becomes to them, and that in this, as in all else, we should draw from pure sources, and that song makers should do their work wisely. Would any mother willingly put into her

little childs lips, the music of the song of a reeling drunken woman, taken from Giroflé-Giroflá? Or, on the other hand, has one a right to take a melody from Schumann, and so "arrange" it that the tempo is changed from $\frac{2}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, thus turning a most charming song into something which is in every way common place? Has any one a right in "arranging," to interpolate whole phrases not in the original, and to "simplify" by leaving out the choicest bits of melody and harmony? If the music, as it stands, is too difficult for children, we can leave it: there is much that we *can* use without so garbling these master-pieces, that if ever the child comes to hear them in their original setting, he will have to unlearn much in order to recognize the music at all. Such arrangments were probably made, because people felt the need of something which was not at hand. The Carl Reinecke and Elliott music, however, shows that children's music of the right sort *can* be found, and the plea of ignorance can not be used much longer. The practice of which we have been speaking, is also condemned most severely by all good musicians, for the reasons given above.

Aside from the right melodies we have a right to demand for our children a good accompaniment. Although this may effect the child only in a sub-conscious way, (and indeed it is a very good plan to have the children sing often without any instrument) still the vague sense-impressions that remain, which each time are almost as new ones, should be on the side of musical science. I believe that in a kindergarten, the cases are rare, where a child notices the accompaniment, and yet, little by little, the ear is being well or badly trained. Often, before we are aware of it, the children are themselves trying to reproduce on the piano the same meager chords which were first doled out to them. By just this kind of exercise and unconscious effort, is their power to apprehend what is really good, diminished. Something must also be said in behalf of good versification for children. Who has ever presented purer and more childlike thoughts to the children, than Froebel? There is the very essence of poetry in almost every picture that is called before them. How often, alas! is this lost in the translation. Perhaps the spirit remains; if it were not so there could hardly be kindergartens; but the difficulties have been great in the way of our translators, and in order to keep the spirit, the germ of life, the external form has been tortured out of rhythm and reason. Think of publishing and sending out in the name of the kindergarten, a stanza like this:

"The organ man appears,
And grinds his melodies
It moves a man to tears
If he not rather flies."

Or the meter of this:

"We'll join our hands, and in a circle sing,
With happy voices for the spring,
We'll shade our heads from the falling rain,
And carefully seed the earth again."

Our books are full of errors like this. We claim to prepare a foundation for future school work, and yet repeatedly vitiate the child's sense of rhythm, which in the beginning is strong, (witness their enjoyment of "Mother Goose,") with bad measure like this. There is great need of cultivating a sense of rhythm, for in it rests the delight of all that is artistic in movement, and in poetry as well as in its especial domain, music.

Again we need more simple, child-like idioms, in our little verses. It is true that the song is generally preceded by a conversation which makes the thought clear to the children, but after this, the words themselves should recall the thought. Do they always do it, even if the child so wills? What ideas can a little child of six years or under, get from lines like this, in the song of "The Garden Gate?"

"The downy and perfume breathing,
The stately and vine are wreathing,
The buds in the cups unfolded
In pairs, or singly folded."

So very often we find the idioms too old, too unchildlike, and the result is that the ear only catches an empty sound, the lips repeat it, and yet no thought has been stimulated. Surely if there *are* words, that is their office. But children grasp eagerly at any thing which has before recalled a mental picture,* and we hear of such blunders as these: in the cobbler's song: "With a nice little owl (awl)
He maketh a hole."

In another case, a child sang

"Pretty Poll with bloomitch (plumage) gay."

Again: "One of us disappears, you shall tell who it is,
And shall hardly be cheert (heartily be cheered) if your guess is not amiss."

It is just because children are so apt to misconstrue language that we ask that the difficulties (and they *are* difficulties in the child's mind) shall be reduced to the minimum; that the language shall be childlike as well as good that the metre be so arranged that we can 'scan' it, and that the accent in word and music shall not be at variance.

*A little child whose cousin Amy was dear to her, and who spoke of her always as cousin 'Lamy,' once asked the writer if this one was any relation to the Lamy in her prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep."

How a child should sing is as important as *what* he should sing. First of all, the physical conditions for producing a pure tone must be met. An erect easy position is necessary, with muscles about the jaw and throat relaxed. The movements which the child makes, representing the flying of birds and butterflies, the motion of the blacksmith, reaper, etc., are all incompatible with a correct use of the vocal organs, and should be left to the members of the play circle who are standing quietly and easily. The muscles of the limbs, or of any part of the body, can hardly be energized sufficiently by young children, for the right action, without danger of a sympathetic tension on the part of the vocal organs. This at once has a tendency to make the tones bad. Our well known leader, Wm. L. Tomlins, whose acknowledged success in the training of children's voices has a national reputation, says that to produce good tones, five things are necessary.

1. A soft voice.
2. A high voice.
3. A smiling face.
4. Throat expansion.
5. A long slow breath.

Of course no kindergartner expects to deprive the children of their play in order to drill them in these matters. But was there ever a place so advantageous as the kindergarten for exercising children unconsciously in these requisites? The very freedom and playfulness and joy of its atmosphere give us at once conditions, which, elsewhere, teachers work hard to create.

The voice of a little child is almost always high, higher at least than many of our song writers seem to acknowledge. Their clothing in no way impedes the breathing apparatus, and they easily learn to breathe well. The soft voice is not always insisted upon; often the teacher herself sets a bad example in this respect. An appeal to the sympathies, * (and how full of these our songs are) will have a tendency to make the voice more musical; and so, too, we have the most delightful opportunities to arouse the child's feeling for what is strong and heroic, and these feelings also he will delight in expressing through the voice, as he grows older.

More absolute correctness of tone might be gained, than we are accustomed to demand in the kindergarten. The result to the child, of an attempt to sing difficult intervals, striking each time only some where near the right one, is very unlike the effect produced on him by right singing, under right conditions. It is wonderful to see how teachable children become when they once experience something of a good pure quality of tone.

The intervals, the "steps" up and down the scale, are in many of our songs irregular. They are unprepared for because unexpected, and consequently badly sung. This careless habit soon becomes a fixed one, and can only be broken by hard work on the part of teacher and pupil.

It may be said in general, that those melodies which are formed "degree-wise" i. e., in consecutive steps up or down the scale, or melodies which only offer skips of the harmonics, are far easier for children than any others. Having learned to sing these correctly, perhaps something more difficult might be learned, but never at the risk of having the child sing out of tune.

It will be thought perhaps that we are demanding too much for kindergarten music; that it is only one of the many forms of expression whereby the child may reach an all-sided development. This plea is made, not for more, but for better music for children.

I believe this book will prove the reasonableness of all that has been suggested. It does not in any sense claim infallibility, but the compiler and writer of the songs has had an extensive musical experience, and has proved over and over the entire practicability of giving only good music to very young children, in a way which shall prepare them for a greater love and better understanding of its beautiful mysteries when the right time shall come.

"The characteristic of the true poet and of the true musician as well as of the true philosopher, is his large consciousness of what is proper to the race in general, and of the varied circumstances which pertain to its expression in the individual. All men's intuitions are alike, however different may be their development into living force under the influence of education and self culture."

This book is sent out in the hope that it may lead kindergartners and primary teachers to look more carefully *every where* for the right means to develop a right musical feeling in children.

Many kindergartners in Chicago, feel gratefully the good results of their lessons with Miss Smith, and we hope others of our "guild" may find the same pleasure which we have had in these songs.

*See Mr. Tomlins' tract on "The proper training of children's voices"—read before the National Music Teacher's Ass'n.

ALICE H. PUTNAM.

Supt. Kindergartens Chicago Froebel Association and Prin. Kindergarten Dep't. Cook Co. Normal School.

Normal Park, Ill. May 1887.

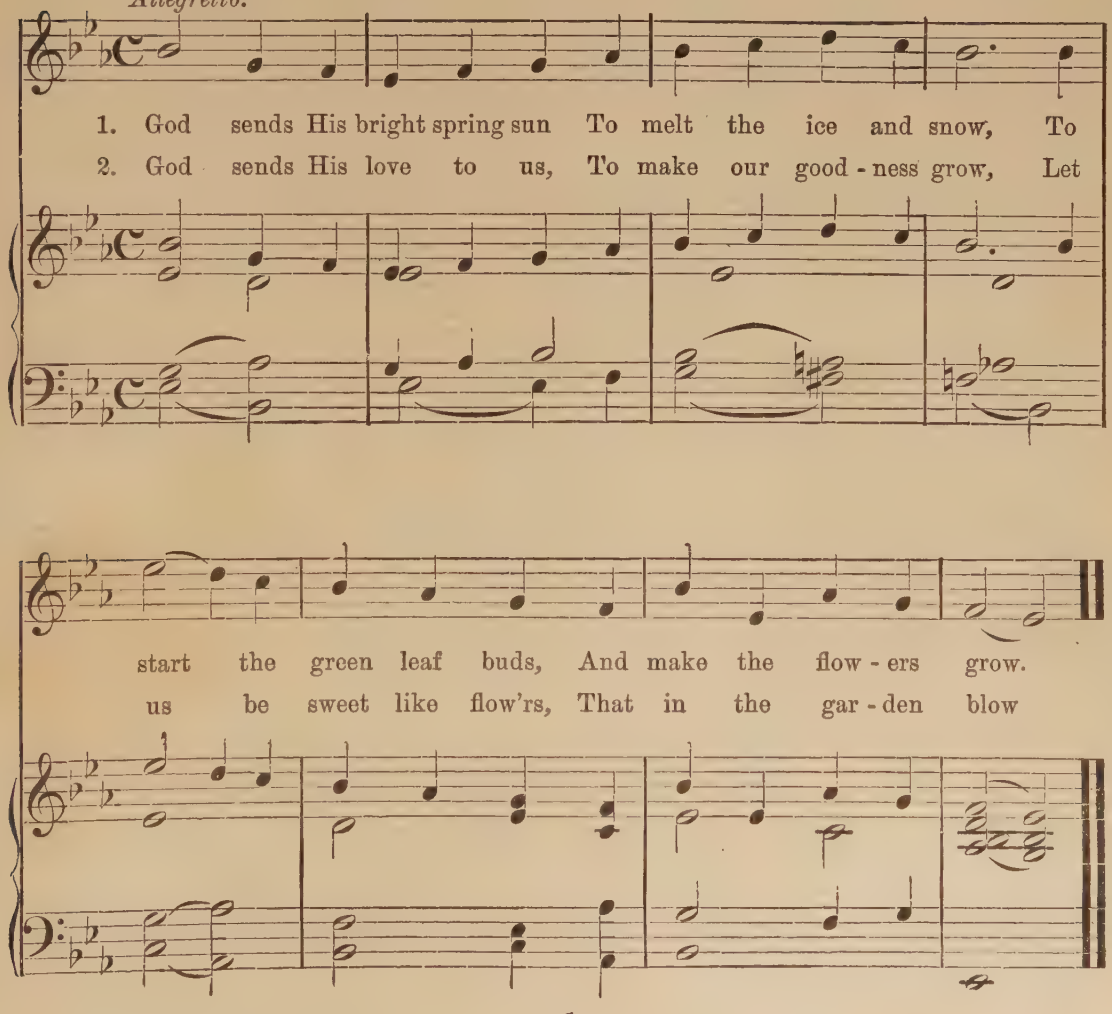
SONGS FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

MORNING SONGS.

1. God Sends His Bright Spring Sun.

ELIZABETH PEABODY. E. S.

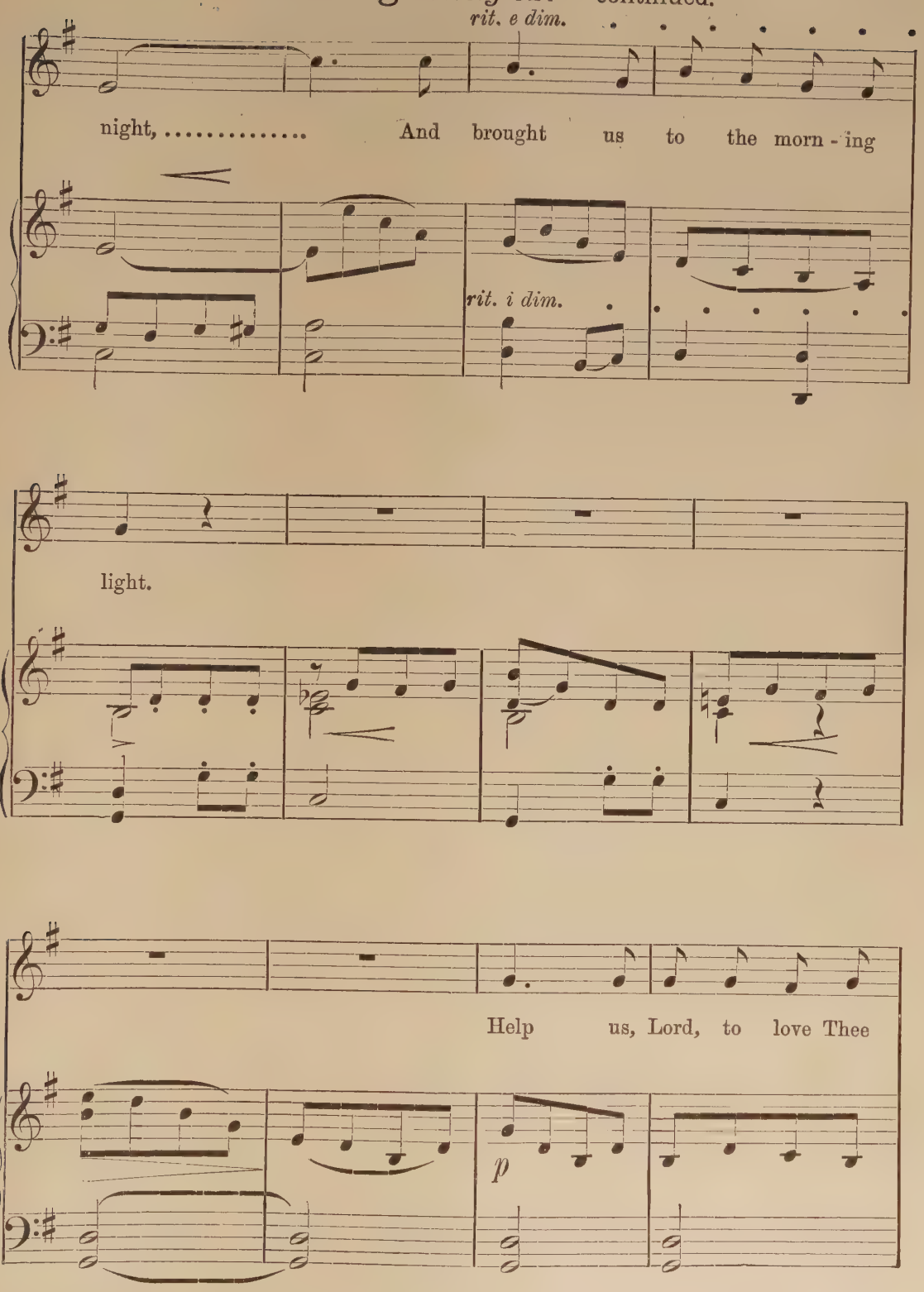
Allegretto.


1. God sends His bright spring sun To melt the ice and snow, To
2. God sends His love to us, To make our good - ness grow, Let
start the green leaf buds, And make the flow - ers grow.
us be sweet like flow'rs, That in the gar - den blow

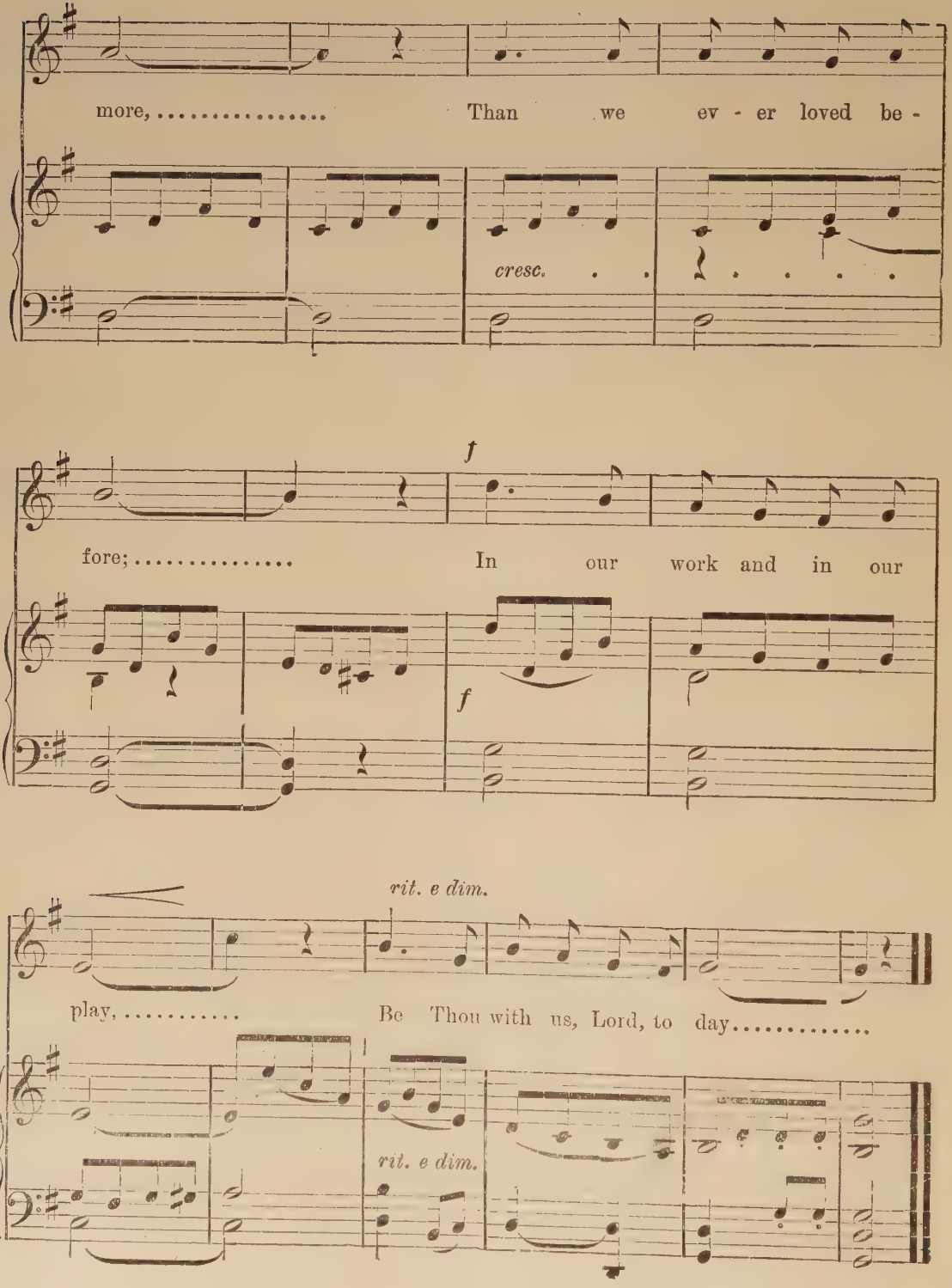
2. Morning Prayer.

RANDEGGER.
Arr. by E. S.

Morning Prayer. Continued.



Morning Prayer. Concluded.



3. Morning Prayer.

CARL REINECKE

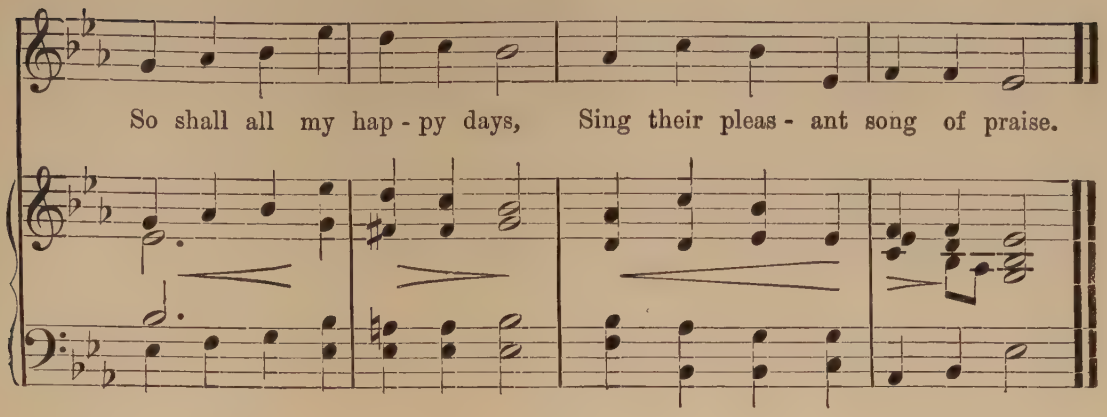
Andante. p
1. Dear Lord in heav'n, Who by my bed, Thy
2. I thank Thee, Lord And Fa - ther mild, And
faith - ful watch didst keep, And night's kind bless - ings
all thine an - gels, too, And pray Thee still to
o'er me shed, Sweet rest and qui - et sleep:
help Thy child, Thy ho - ly will to do.
poco rit. . . . . a tempo.

4. Hymn for a Little Child.

CHARLES WESLEY. E. S.

p
Lov - ing Je - sus, meek and mild, Look up - on a lit - tle child,
p
Make me gen - tle as thou art, Come and live with - in my heart.
Take my child - ish hand in thine, Guide these lit - tle feet of mine,
mf
f

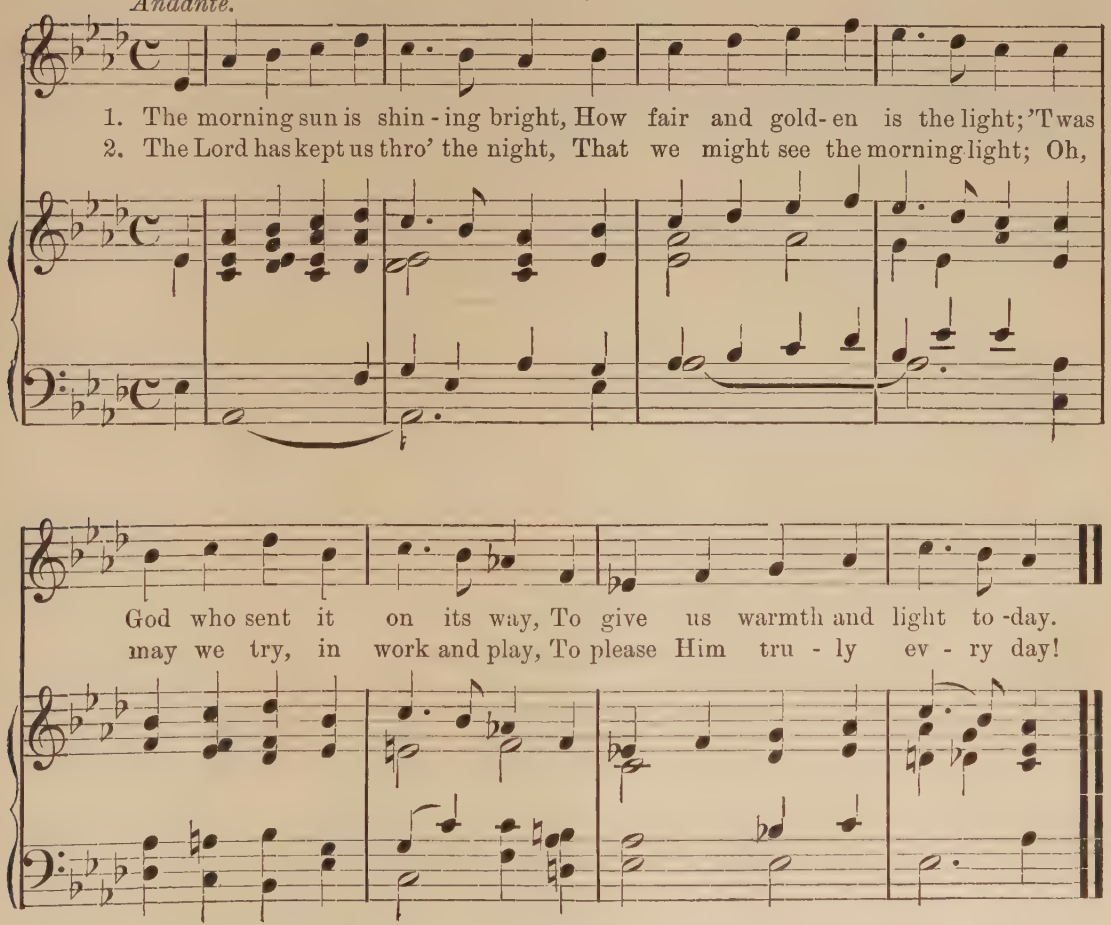
Hymn for a Little Child. Concluded.



5. The Morning Sun is Shining.

E. S.

Andante.


1. The morning sun is shin - ing bright, How fair and gold - en is the light; 'T was
2. The Lord has kept us thro' the night, That we might see the morning light; Oh,
God who sent it on its way, To give us warmth and light to - day.
may we try, in work and play, To please Him tru - ly ev - ry day!

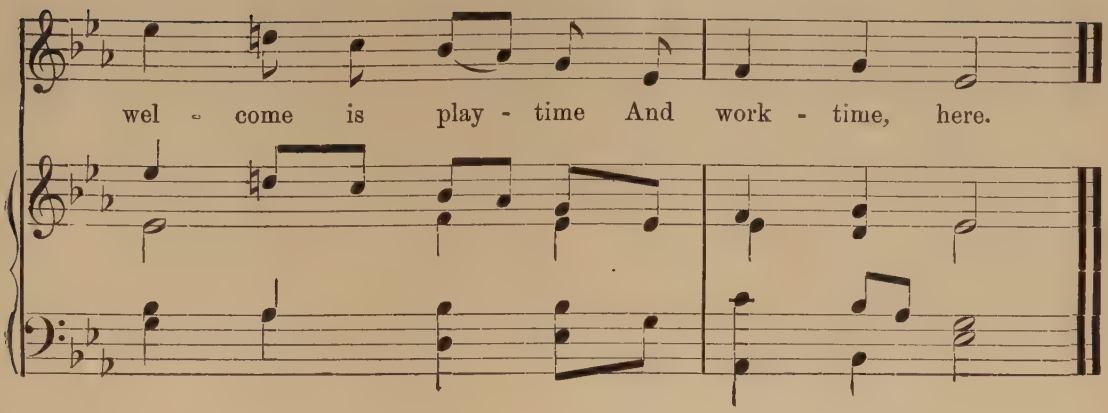
6. Morning Greeting.

E. S.

Allegro.

Lips say "Good - morn - ing," Eyes laugh, "Good - morn - ing,"
Heads bow, "Good - morn - ing," To teach - ers dear;
Glad - ly we meet you, Mer - ri - ly greet you, For

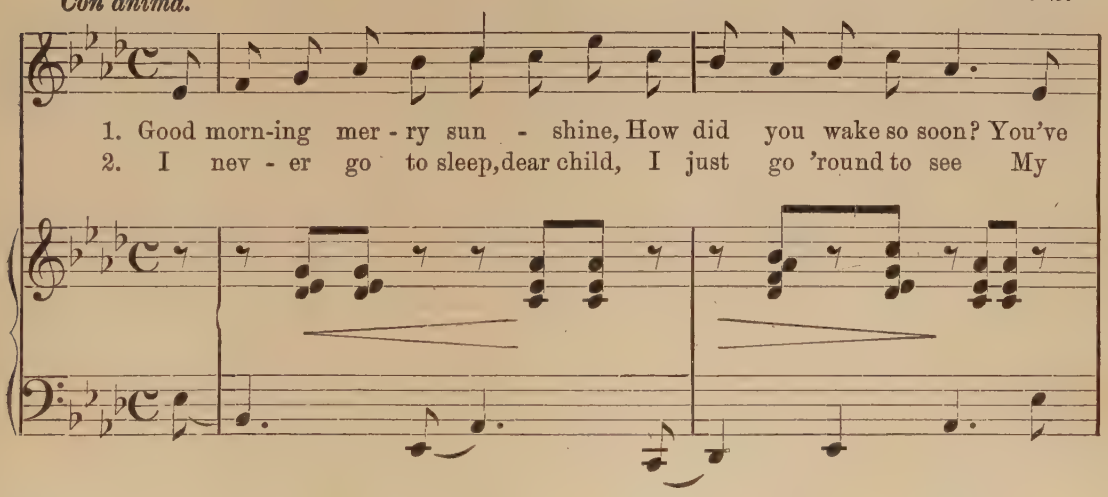
Morning Greeting. Concluded.

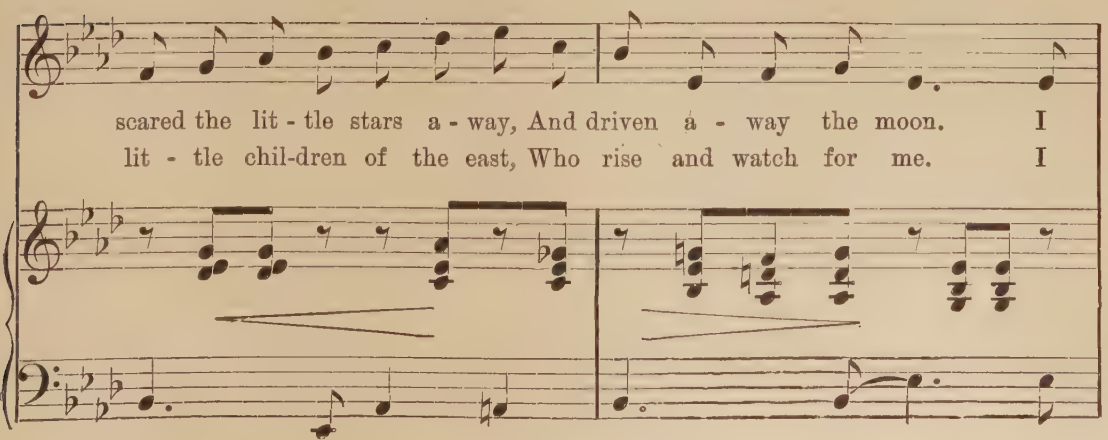


7. Good Morning, Merry Sunshine.

Con anima.

E. S.





Good Morning, Merry Sunshine. Concluded.

saw you go to sleep, last night, Be - fore I ceased my play - ing; How
wak - en all the birds and bees And flow - ers on my way, And

rit. e dim.

did you get 'way o - ver there, And where have you been stay - ing?
last of all the lit - tle child, Who staid out late to play.

rit. e dim.

SONGS OF THE SEASONS.

8. When the Earth Wakes up in Gladness.

F. E. Fesca.

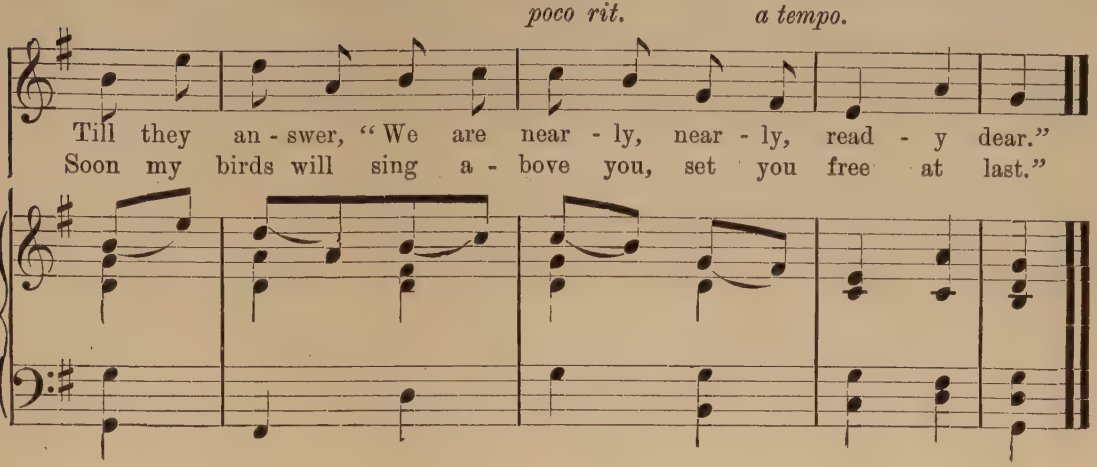
1. When the earth wakes up in glad - ness, In the
2. From the long sleep of the win - ter, All comes
ear - ly days of spring, And in leaf and flow'r re - joic - es, Let us
back to life once more; And each blade of grass up - spring-ing, Joins a
sing with heart and voic - es, Prais- ing Him, our Lord and King.
might - y cho - rus sing - ing, Lord, we praise Thee and a - dore.

9. In the Snowing and the Blowing.

E. S.

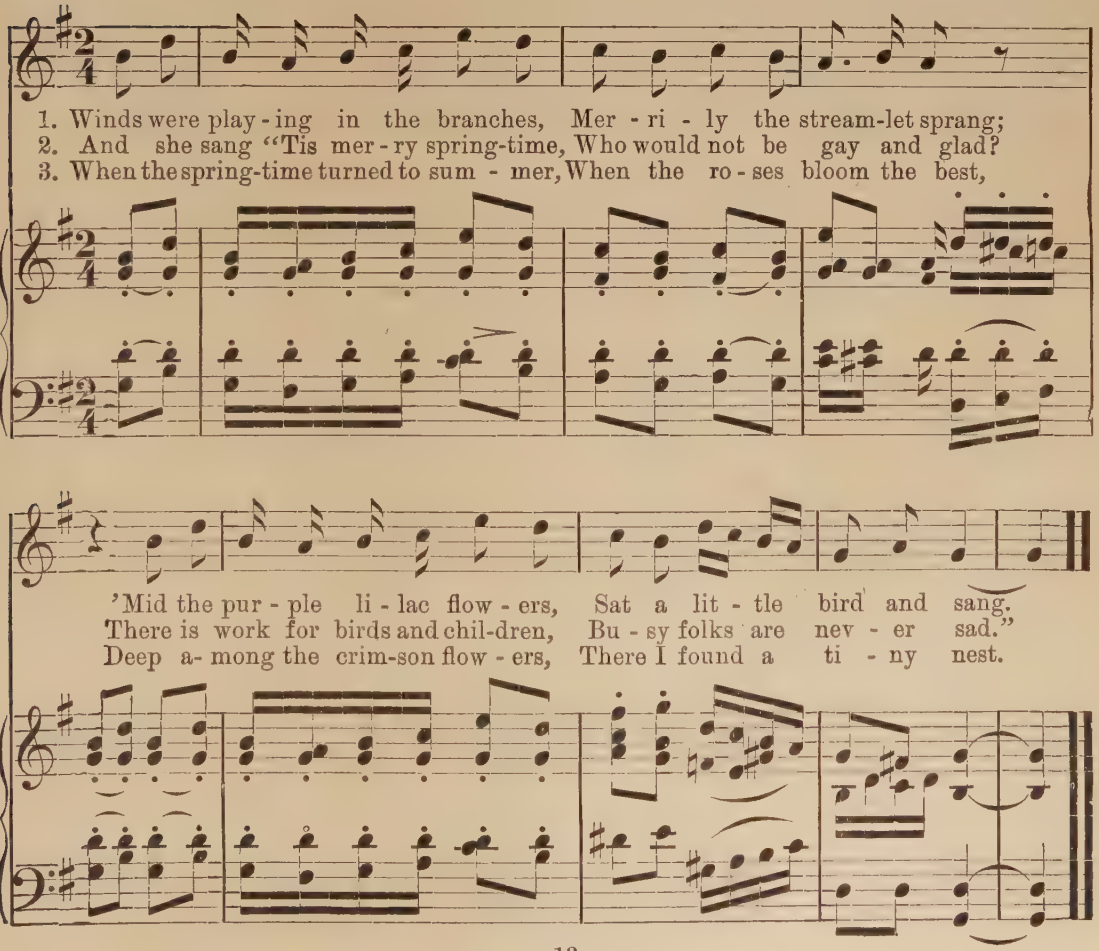
Allegro moderato.
1. In the snow - ing and the blow - ing, In the keen and cut - ting
2. Where is win - ter with his snow-ing? Tell us, spring they
sleet, Lit - tle flow'rs be - gin their grow - ing, Far be - neath our
say, Then she an - swers, "He is go - ing, Go - ing, on his
feet. Soft - ly, taps the spring, and cheer - ly, "Dar - lings, are you here?"
way. Poor old win - ter does not love you, But his time is past.
p
cres.
dim.
p

In the Snowing and the Blowing. Concluded.



10. Spring Song.

Arr. from HALFDAN KJERULF.

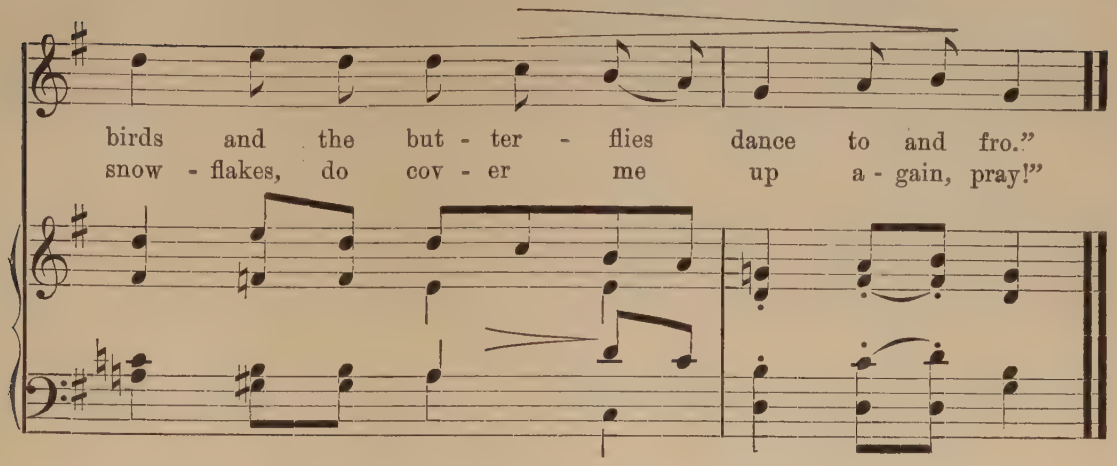

1. Winds were play - ing in the branches, Mer - ri - ly the stream-let sprang;
2. And she sang "Tis mer - ry spring-time, Who would not be gay and glad?
3. When the spring-time turned to sum - mer, When the ro - ses bloom the best,
'Mid the pur - ple li - lac flow - ers, Sat a lit - tle bird and sang.
There is work for birds and chil-dren, Bu - sy folks are nev - er sad."
Deep a- mong the crim-son flow - ers, There I found a ti - ny nest.

11; A Little White Daisy.

E. S.

p Ben marcato.
1. A lit - tle white dai - sy lay un - der the snow, And
2. So he el - bowed the soft lit - tle snow - flakes a - way, And
p Ben marcato.
p
sighed a soft sigh; "'Tis so dark here and lone - ly, O,
pushed out his head, But the March wind was sweep - ing the
f rit.
could I but go, To see the blue sky, Where the
mead - ows that day, And the lit - tle bud said, "O
f rit.

A Little White Daisy. Concluded.



12. Merrily We Dance.

E. S.

Allegro.
1. Mer - ri - ly we dance, Mer - ri - ly we sing,.....
2. Mer - ry brook - lets dance, Hap - py bird - lings sing,.....
Marcato.
poco rit.
Joy - ful - ly our greet - ings bring, Greet - ings to the love - ly spring.
Pret - ty blos - soms raise their heads, Say - ing, "Wel - come love - ly spring!"
poco rit.

13. Spring Song.

Arranged from MENDELSSOHN.

Con moto
1. "A - wake," said the sun - shine, "'Tis time to get up, A -
2. "A - wake," call the stream - lets, "We've lain here so still, And
3. "A - wake," breathes the air from the blue sky a - bove, "A -
wake pret - ty dai - sy and sweet but-ter-cup. Why! you've been sleep - ing the
now we must all go to work with a will." "Wake," says the warm breeze "and
wake," for the world is all beau - ty and love. Wake, lit - tle chil - dren so
whole win-ter long; Hark! Hark! don't you hear? 'Tis the blue - birds first song."
you, wil-low tree, Come, put on your leaves in a twink - ling for me."
mer - ry and dear; Ah! what were the Spring-time, if you were not here!"

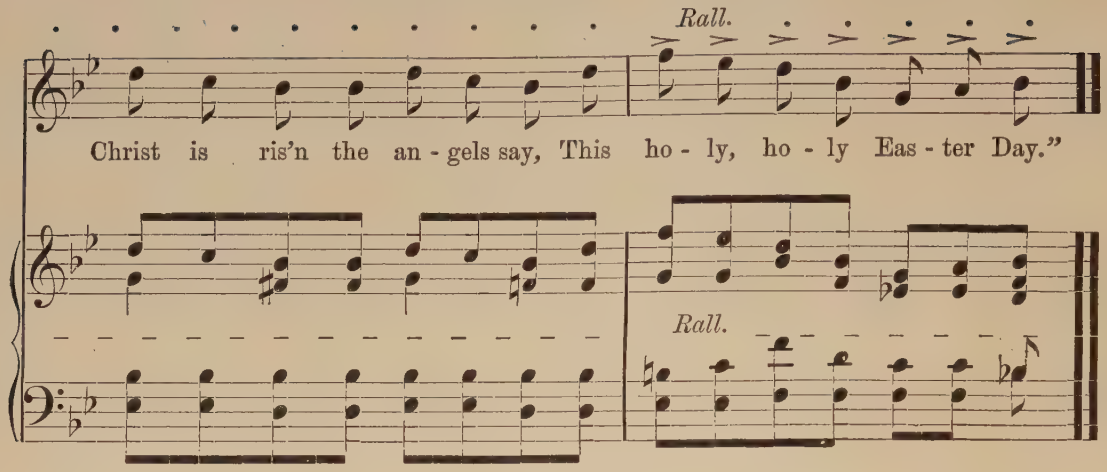
Words from WIDE AWAKE, by kind permission of D. Lothrop.

14. Easter Song.

E. S.

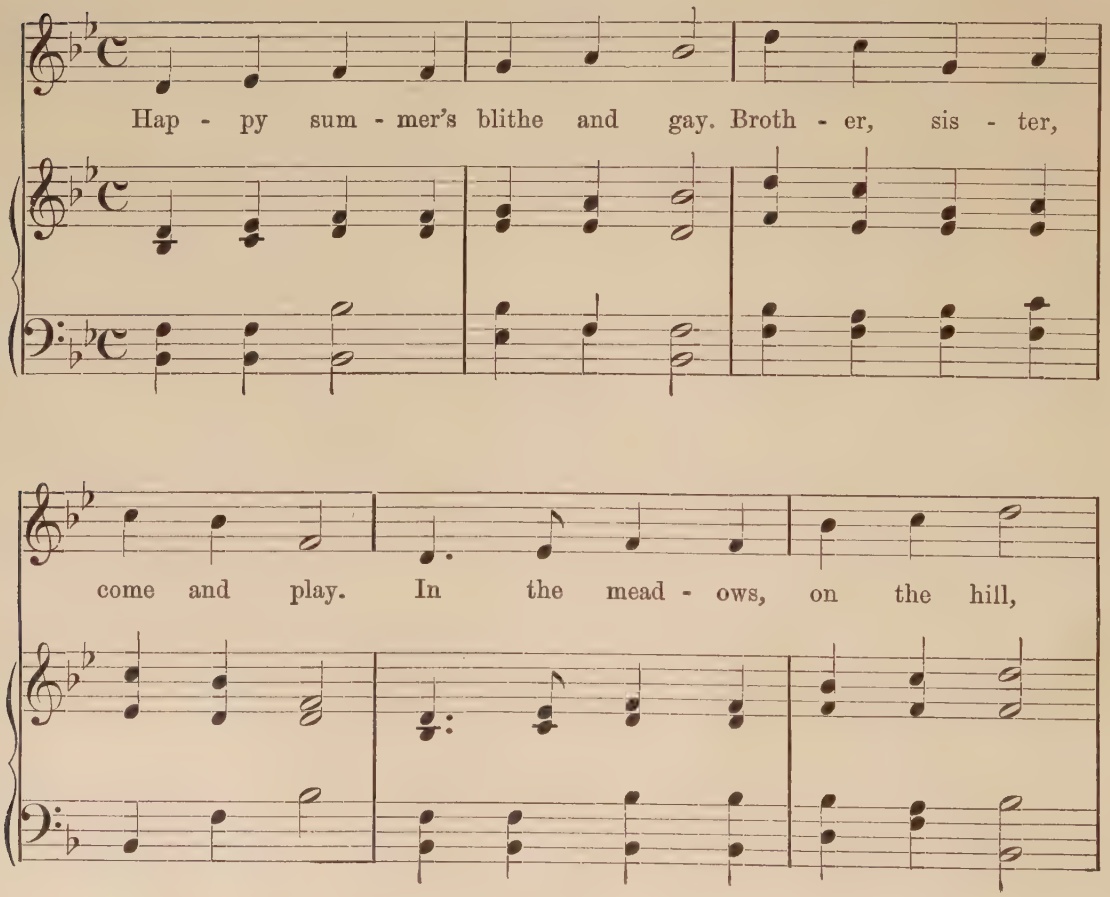
Con anima.
The lit-tle flow-ers came from the ground, At Eas-ter time, at Eas-ter time, They
raised their heads and looked a-round, At hap-py Eas-ter time. And
cres.
then each lit-tle bud did say, "Good peo-ple, bless this ho-ly day, For
cres.

Easter Song. Concluded.



15. Happy Summer.

Arr. by E. S.



Happy Summer. Concluded.

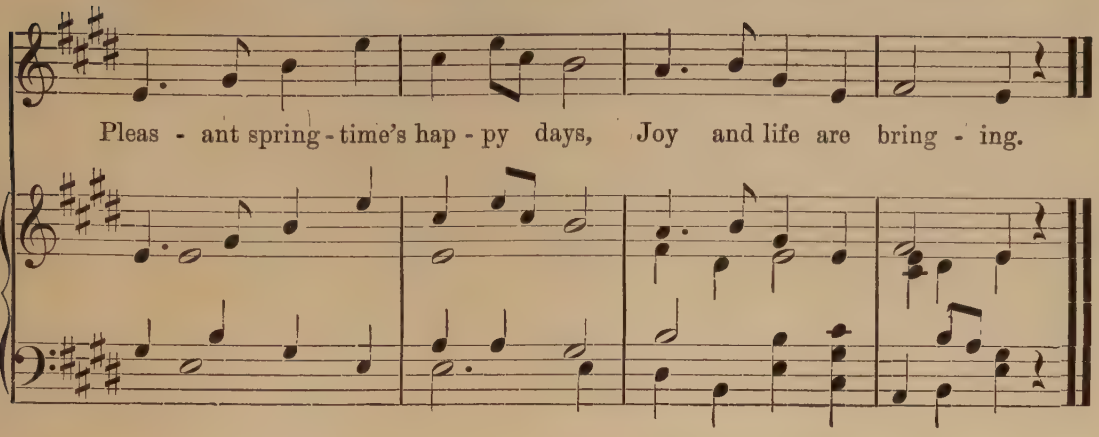
By the brook that turns the mill, Yel - low cups and
dai - sies white, Sweet are bloom - ing fresh and bright.
rit.
Hap - py sum - mer's blithe and gay. Come, O come a - way.
rit.

16. All the Birds Have Come Again.

Allegro con moto.

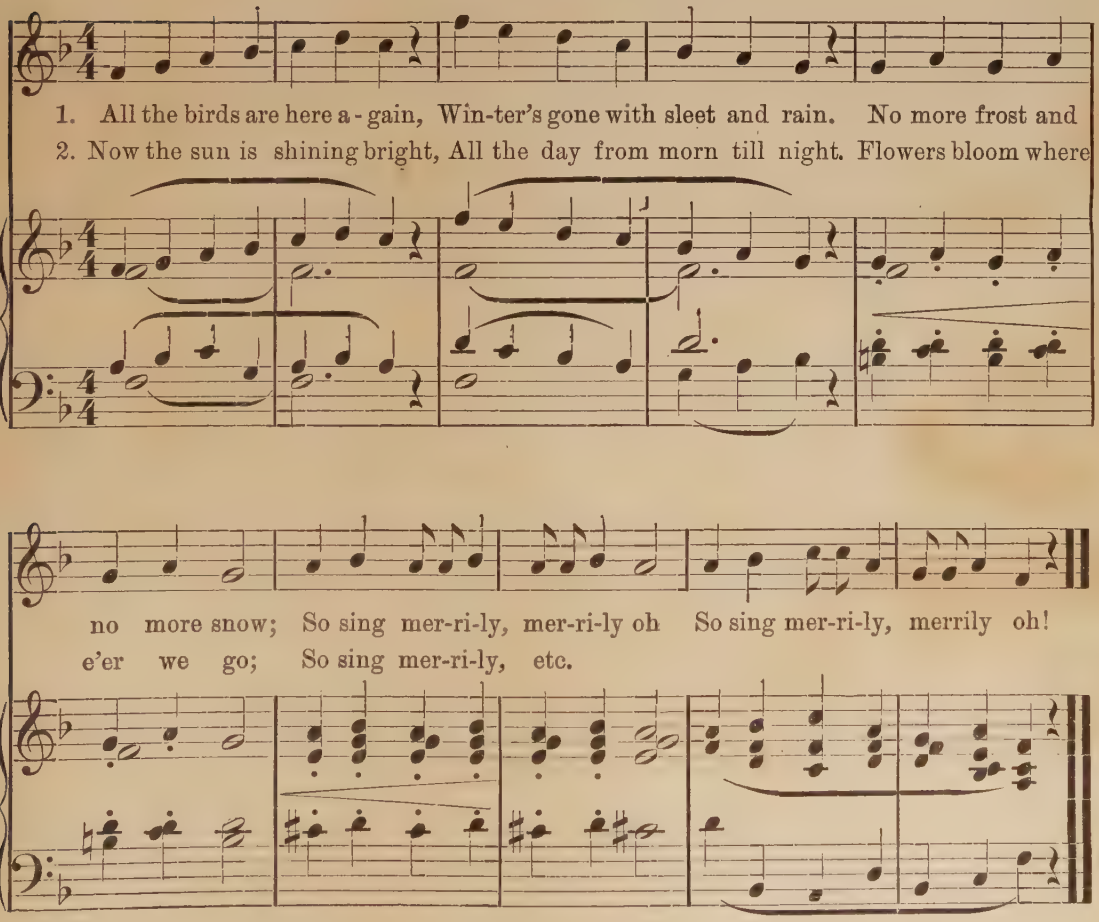
1. All the birds have come a - gain, Come with joy - ous sing - ing;
2. See how gai - ly one and all To and fro are spring - ing;
Through the mead - ow and the wood, Hear their voic- es ring - ing.
Lit - tle nests you soon will spy. To the branches cling - ing.
Rob - in, blue - bird, thrush and all, Lis - ten to their mer - ry call!
As their chirp - ing meets my ear, All their sing - ing, sweet and clear,

All The Birds Have Come Again. Concluded.



17. Summer Song.

E. S.


1. All the birds are here a - gain, Win-ter's gone with sleet and rain. No more frost and
2. Now the sun is shining bright, All the day from morn till night. Flowers bloom where
no more snow; So sing mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly oh So sing mer-ri-ly, merrily oh!
e'er we go; So sing mer-ri-ly, etc.

18. Good-bye to Summer.

KATE S. KELLOGG. E. S.

Andante.

p
1. The brown birds are
2. The wee flow'rs are
p
fly - ing like leaves through the sky, The
nod - ding, so sleep - y they grow, They
flow' - rets are call - ing, "Dear bird - lings, good -
put on their night caps, to Dream-land they

Good-bye to Summer. Concluded.

bye!" The bird voic - es fall - ing, so
go. Their play - time is end - ed, for
cres.
soft from the sky, Are an - sw'ring the
sum - mer is o'er, They'll sleep 'neath the
flow - 'rets, "Dear play - mates good - bye."
snow - flakes, till spring comes once more.
dim.

19. The Autumn Winds are Crying.

E. S.

Andantino expressivo.

The Autumn Winds are Crying. Concluded.

piu mosso.
ev' - ry where. The sky is dark and cloud - y, That
rall.
a tempo.
once was bright and blue, But God who sends the
f
p
Rit. e aim.
spring - time, He sure - ly sends the au - tumn too.
Rit. e dim.

20. Do the Little Brown Twigs Complain?

E. S.

p Andante con moto.
1. Do the lit - tle brown twigs com - plain,
2. Do the lit - tle brooks strug - gle and moan,
3. Let us be pa - tient then,
p
That they hav - en't a twig to wear, Or the
When the ice has froz - en their feet, Or the
Through the snow and the sleet and rain, Like the
mf
grass when the wind and rain, Pull at her mat - ted hair?
moss turn gray as a stone Be - cause of the snow and sleet?
tree and grass and brook, Till spring - time comes a - gain.
cres.
dim.

21. Little White Feathers.

E. S.

p Andante tranquillo.
cres.
1. Lit - tle white feath - ers fill-ing the air, Lit - tle white feath-ers, how
2. Lit - tle white feath-ers, how fast you go, Lit - tle white feath-ers, we
p
cres.
came you there? "We came from the storm - birds sail-ing on high,
love you so! "We're swift, be - cause we have work to do,
dim.
poco rit.
They're shak - ing their white wings up in the sky."
So hold up your face and we'll kiss you true."
dim.
poco rit.

22. When the Snow is on the Ground

J. W. Elliott.

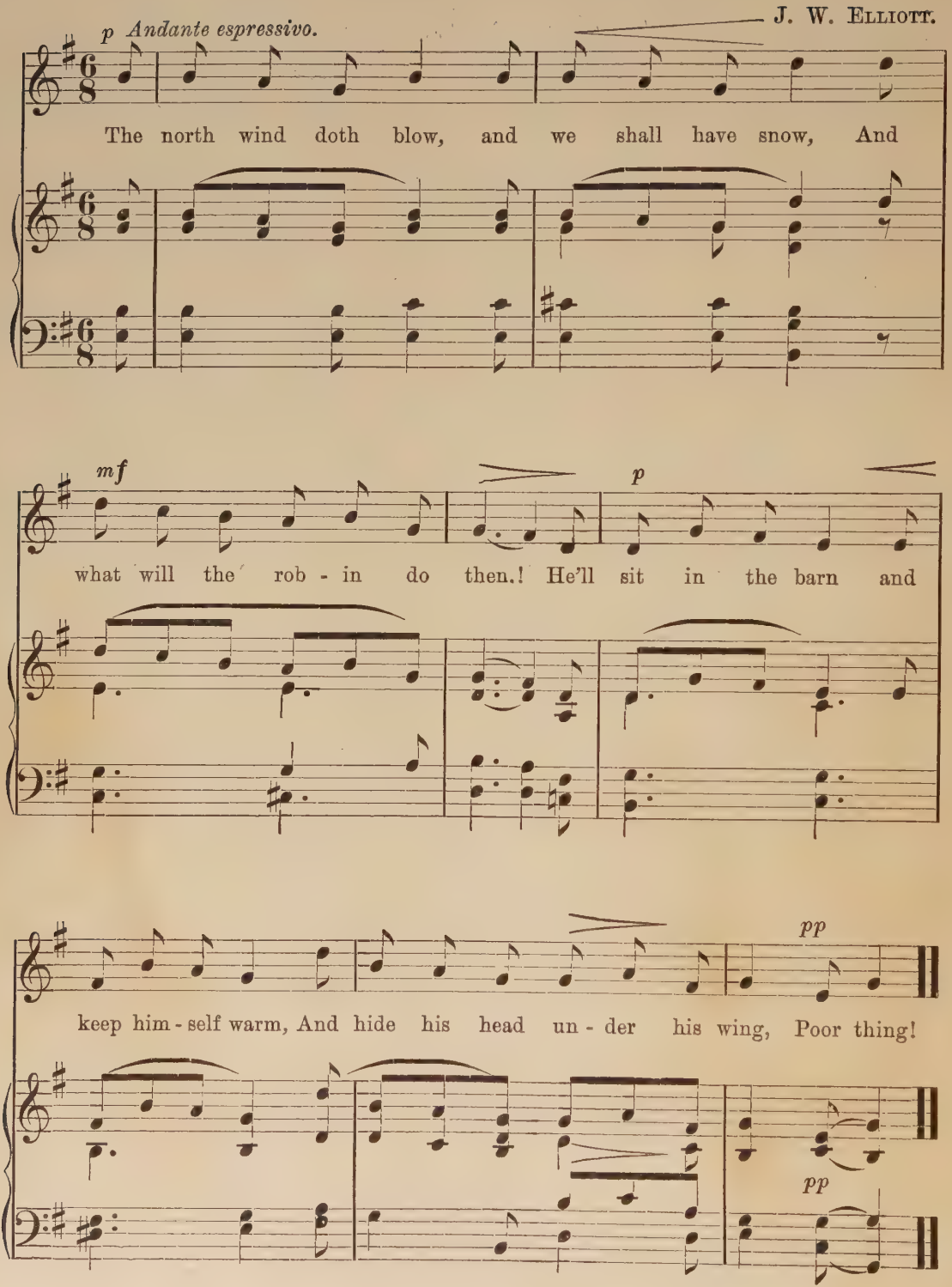
p
pp
When the snow is on the ground, Lit - tle
p
pp
rob - in red - breast grieves; For no ber - ries can be
p
found, And on the trees there are no leaves. The
poco cres.

When the Snow is on the Ground. Concluded.

air is cold, the worms are hid, For this poor bird what
sostenuto.
can be done? We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread, And
then he'll live till the snow is gone.

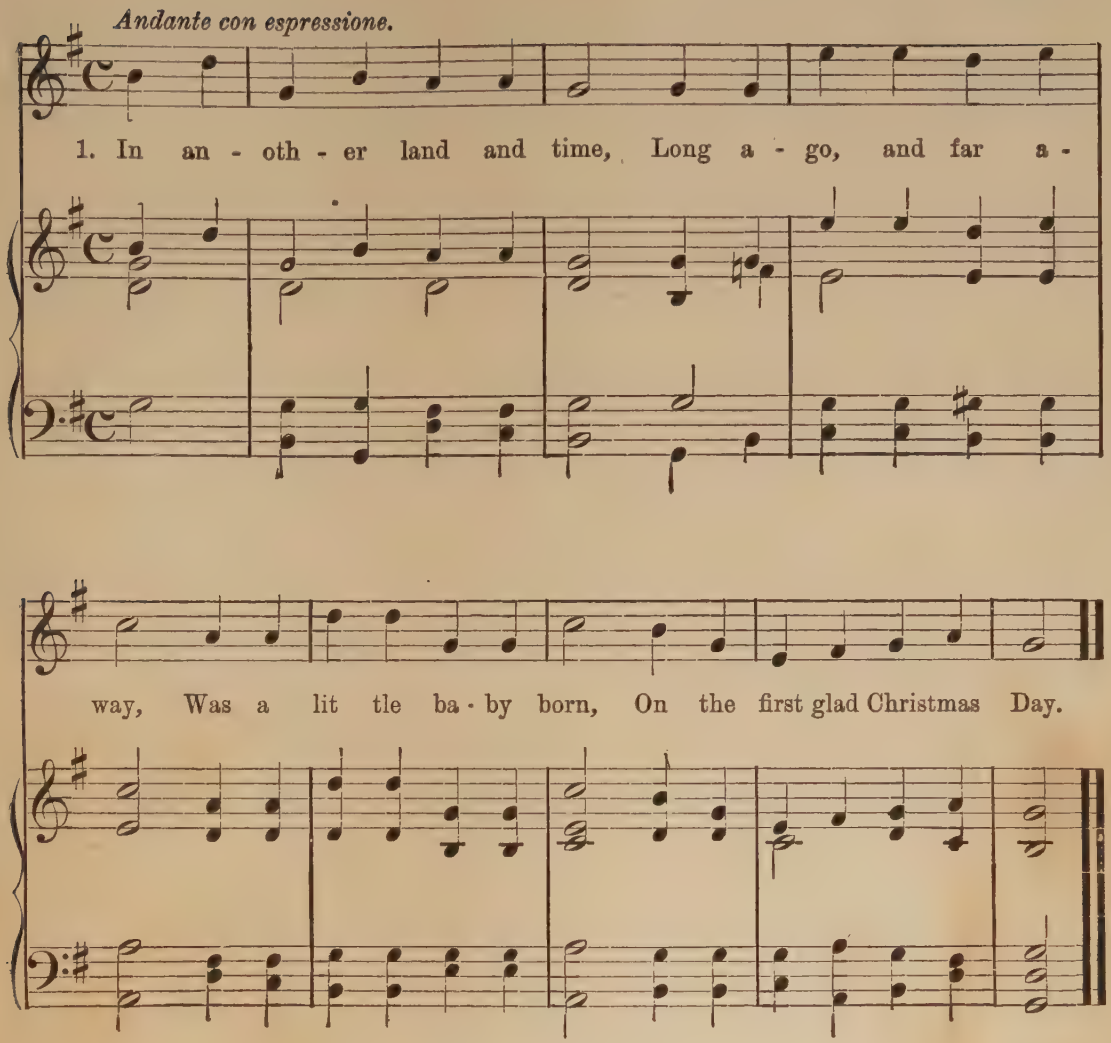
23. The North Wind.

J. W. Elliott.


p Andante espressivo.
The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And
mf
p
what will the rob - in do then.! He'll sit in the barn and
pp
keep him - self warm, And hide his head un - der his wing, Poor thing!
pp

24. Christmas Hymn.

E. S.


Andante con espressione.
1. In an - oth - er land and time, Long a - go, and far a -
way, Was a lit tle ba - by born, On the first glad Christmas Day.

2. Words of truth and deeds of love,
Filled his life from day to day;
So that all the world was blest,
On the first glad Christmas Day.

3 Little children did he love,
With a tender love alway,
So should little children be
Always glad on Christmas Day.

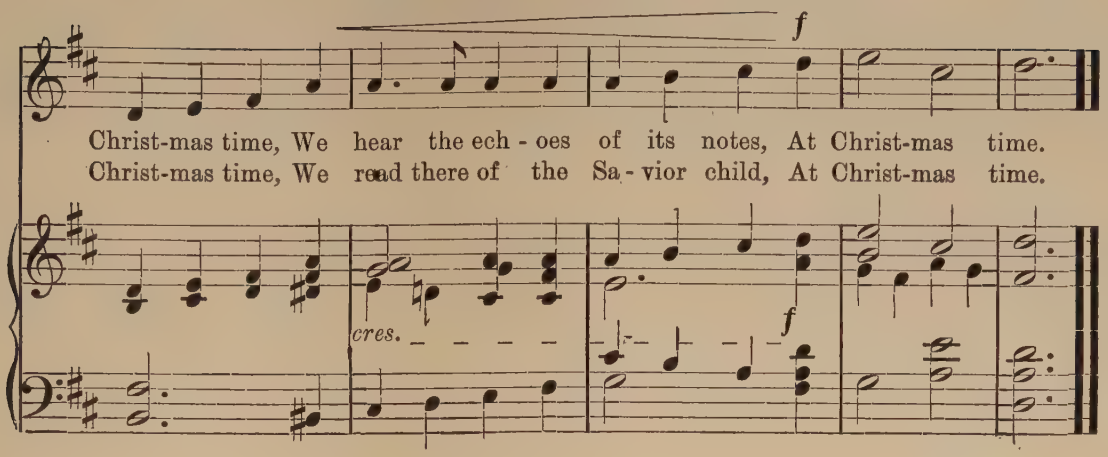
25. A Christmas Carol.

Arr. from J. W. Elliott.

Moderato.

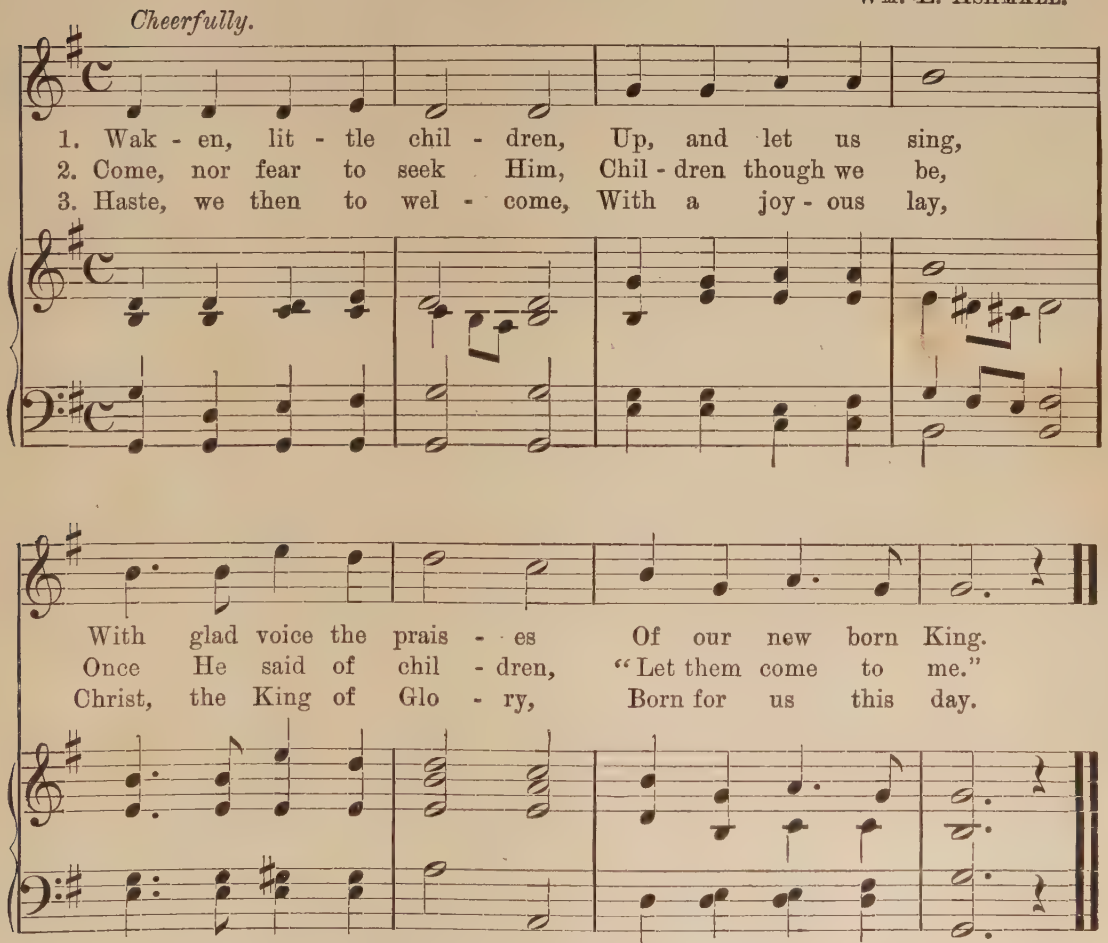
1. Long, long a - go the an - gels sang A song of joy, of
2. Long, long a - go the east - ern skies Glowed with a won - drous
peace and love; A song of glo - ry to the world, From heav'n a - bove.
shin - ing star, That guid - ed to the ho - ly babe, Kings from a - far.
And still the mu - sic lin - gers on, And joy - ful still, at
Its glo - rious light still lin - gers on, A - mongst the stars, at

A Christmas Carol. Concluded.


f
Christ-mas time, We hear the ech - oes of its notes, At Christ-mas time.
Christ-mas time, We read there of the Sa - vior child, At Christ-mas time.
cres.
f

26. Waken, Little Children.

Wm. E. Ashmall.


Cheerfully.
1. Wak - en, lit - tle chil - dren, Up, and let us sing,
2. Come, nor fear to seek Him, Chil - dren though we be,
3. Haste, we then to wel - come, With a joy - ous lay,
With glad voice the prais - es Of our new born King.
Once He said of chil - dren, "Let them come to me."
Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Born for us this day.

From Wide Awake, by kind permission of D. Lothrop Co..

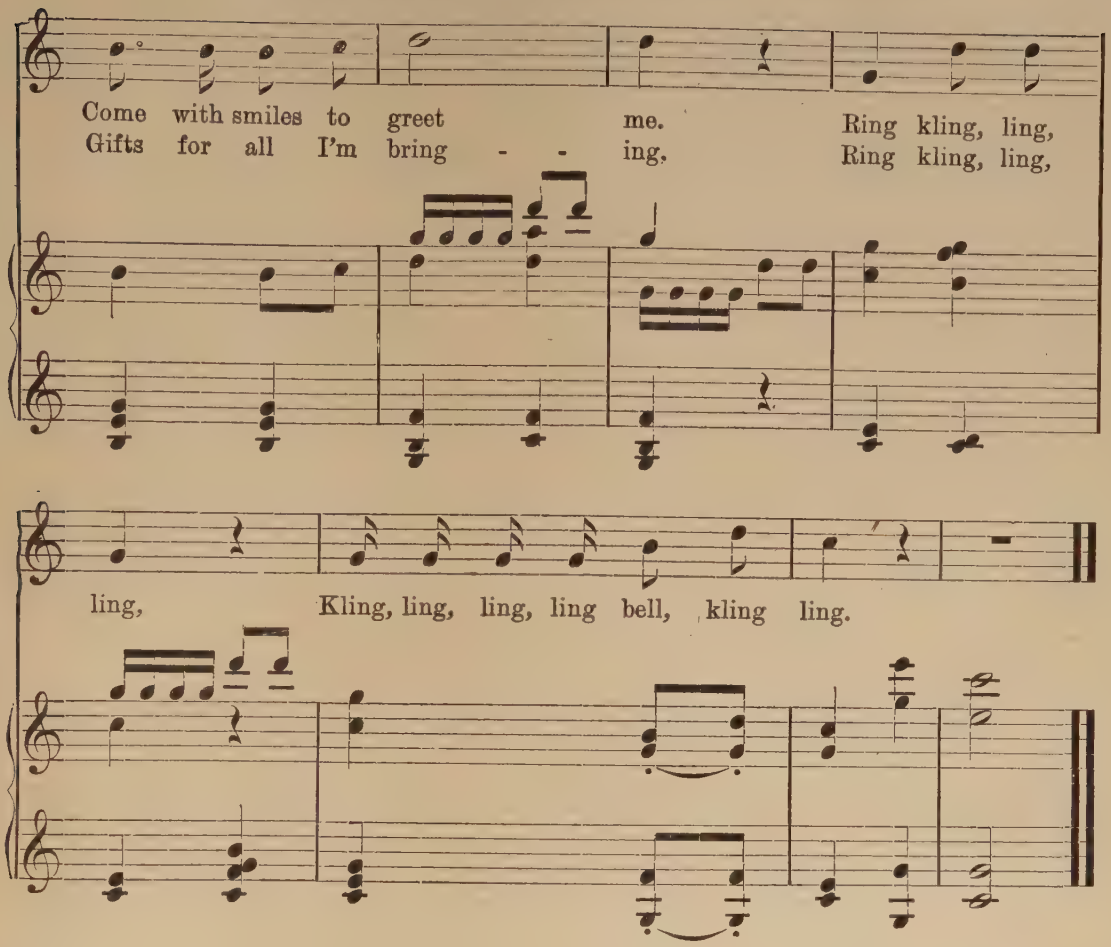
27. Christmas at the Door.

CARL REINECKE.

Andantino.

Kling, kling, kling, kling:
Kling ling, ling, Kling bell kling ling.
1. Win - ter winds are blow - ing,
2. In each cheer-ful dwell - ing,
Cold the night and snow - ing; Chil - dren, come and meet me,
Hearts with joy are swell - ing, While you're car - ols sing - ing,

Christmas at the Door. Concluded.

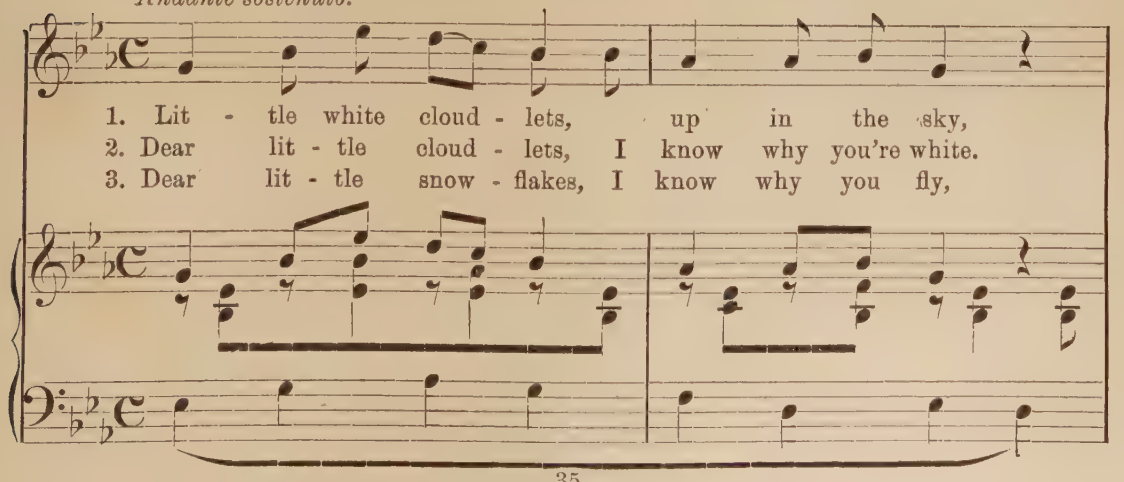

Come with smiles to greet me. Ring kling, ling,
Gifts for all I'm bring - - ing. Ring kling, ling,
ling, Kling, ling, ling, ling bell, kling ling.

KATE S. KELLOGG.

28. The Snow Clouds.

E. S.

Andante sostenuto.


1. Lit - tle white cloud - lets, up in the sky,
2. Dear lit - tle cloud - lets, I know why you're white.
3. Dear lit - tle snow - flakes, I know why you fly,

The Snow Clouds. Concluded.

Say, are you snow - y ships, sail - ing on high?
Did not you drop all the snow - flakes, last night?
Glad - ly to us from your home in the sky,
Or are you down - y sheep, run - ning to find
Or was it wool that fell from the sheep,
You weave a man - tle, soft, warm and white, To
Shel - ter a - way from the rude blow - ing wind?
Turn - ing to white snow for us in our sleep?
cov - er the flow - ers, that bade us "Good - night!"

GIFT SONGS.

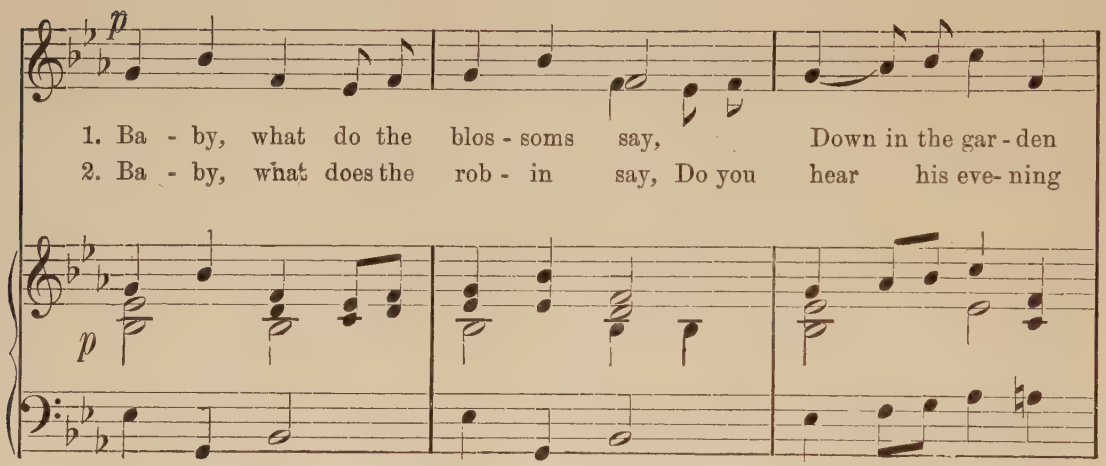
29. The Bed.

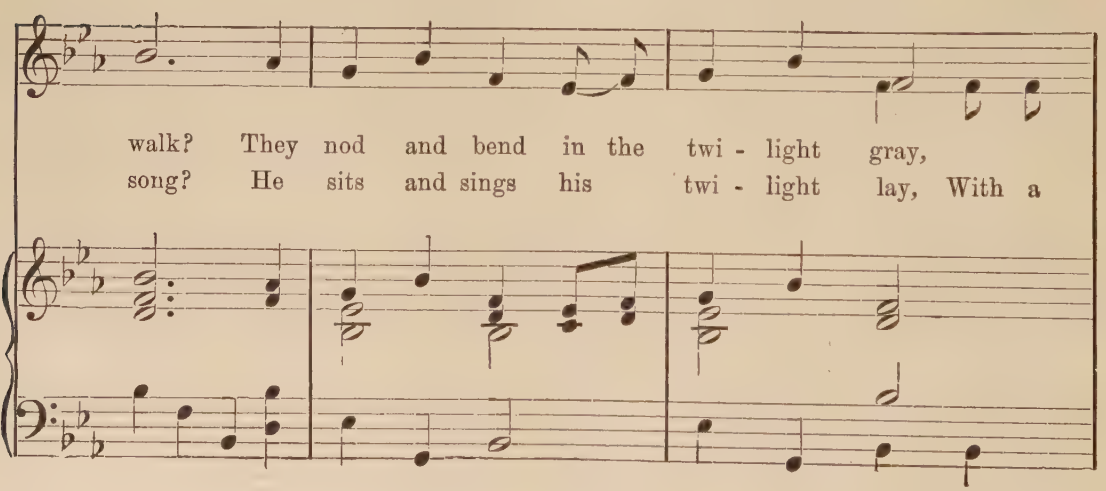
1. Ba - by sleeps, so we must tread Soft - ly round his lit - tle bed.
2. Play and talk, but whis - per low, Moth - er wants to work, we know;
Hush! be care - ful that our toys Do not fall and make a noise.
That when fa - ther comes to tea, All may neat and cheer - ful be.

30. The Flower Bed.

MRS. SARAH, E. HENSHAW. E. S.

Andante tranquillo.



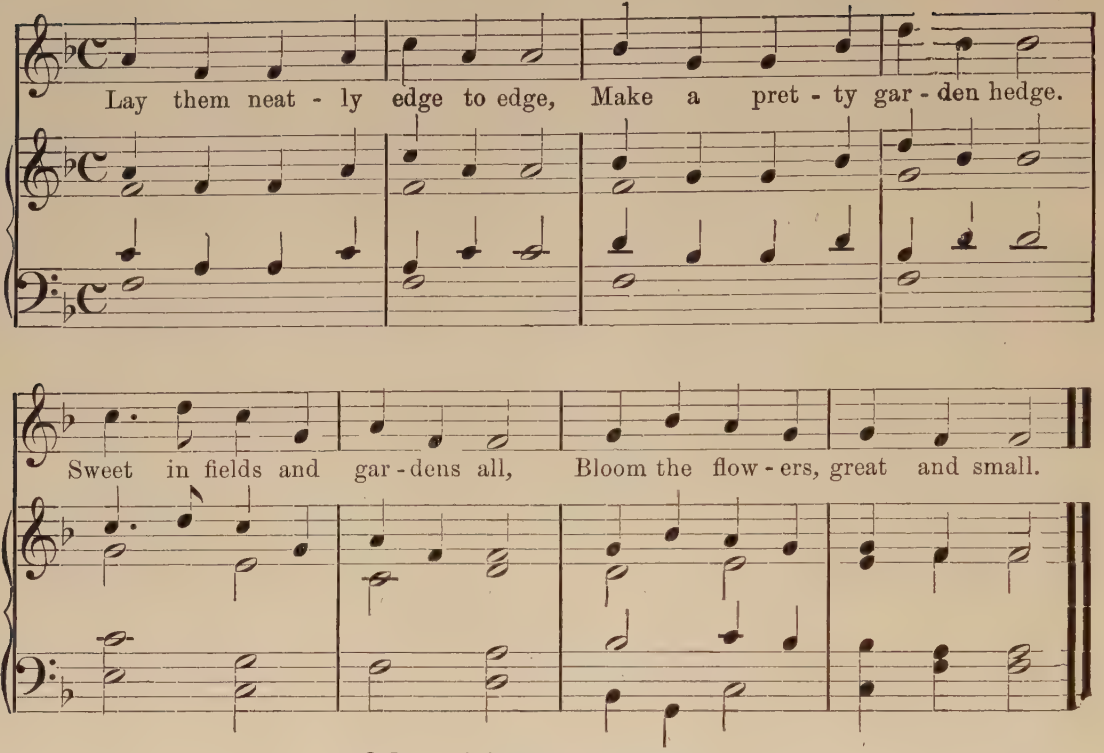


The Flower Bed. Concluded.

Say, can you hear them talk? They say, "O dar - ling
heart all mer - ry and strong, He sings "Good - night, my
ba - by bright, We're go-ing to sleep, good - night, good - night! The
ba - by dear, Sleep well, sleep soft, and do not fear; For
gen - tle breez - es have come to sing, How God takes care of ev - 'ry thing."
some how I know as I sit and sing, That God takes care of ev - 'ry thing."

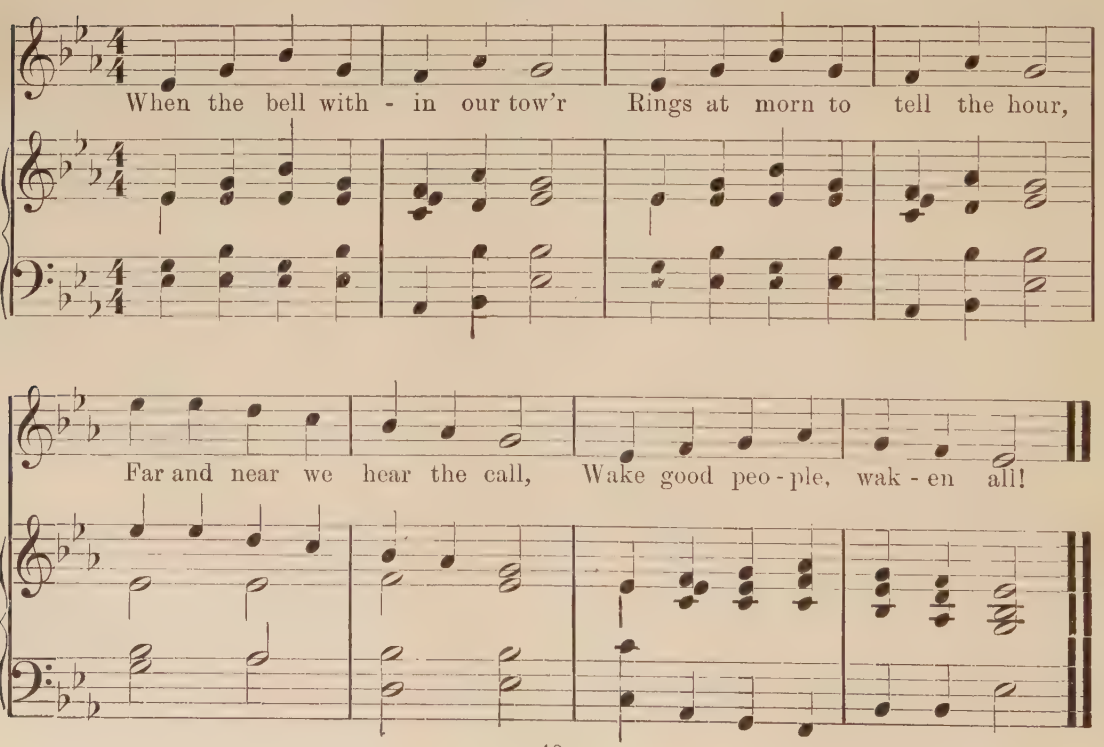
31. A Garden Fence.

E. S.



32. The Tower.

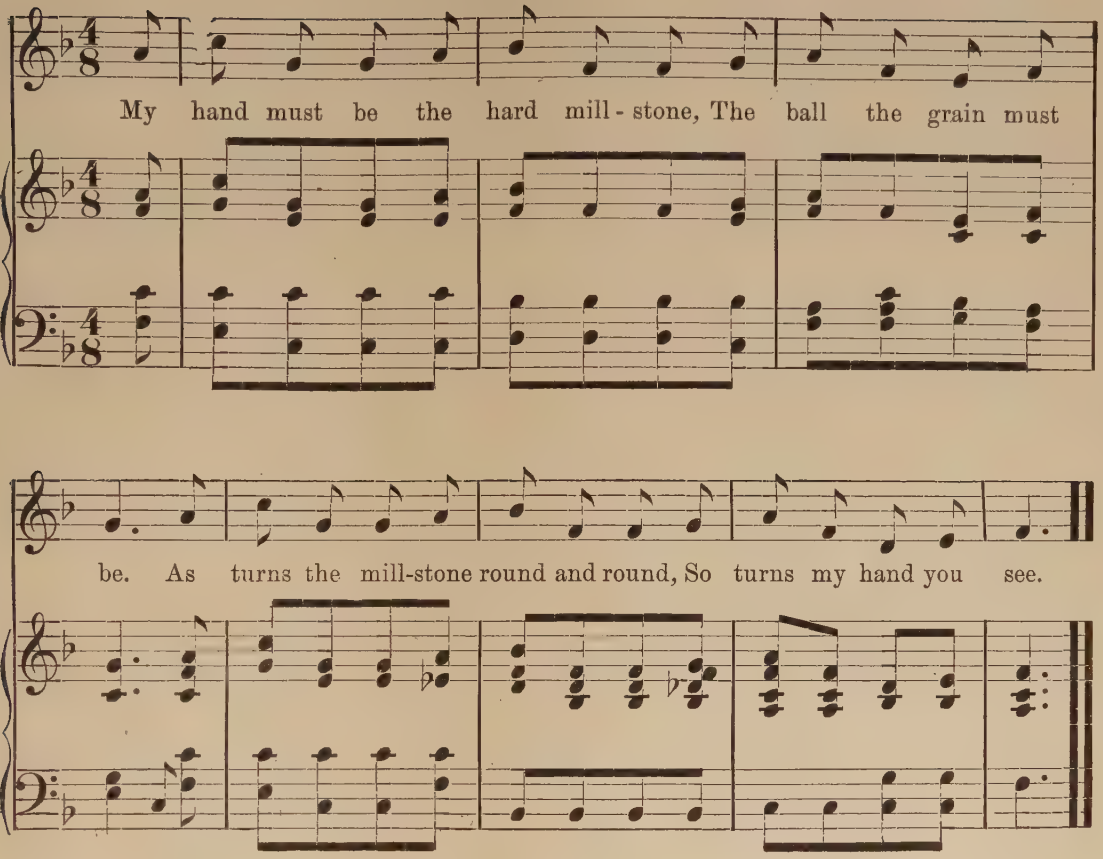
E. S.



33. The Mill-Stone.

BALL SONG.

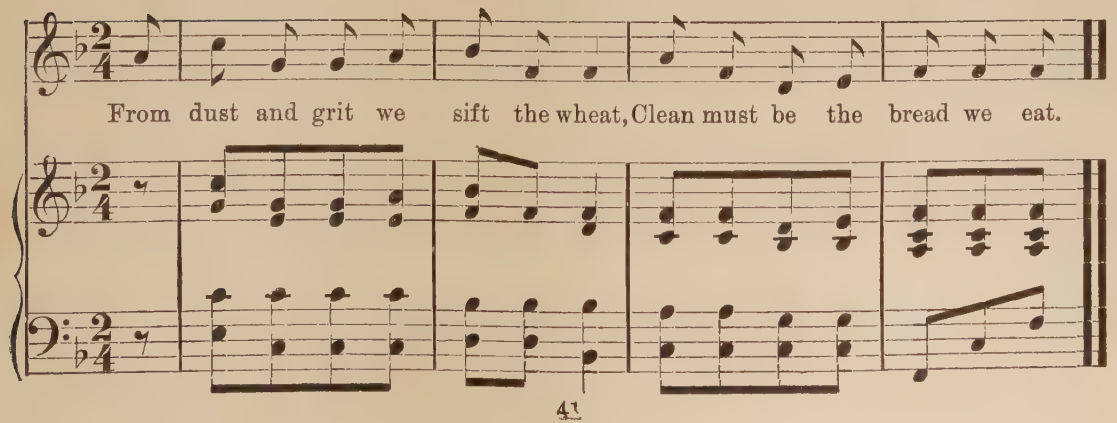
E. S.


My hand must be the hard mill - stone, The ball the grain must
be. As turns the mill-stone round and round, So turns my hand you see.

34. From Dust and Grit.

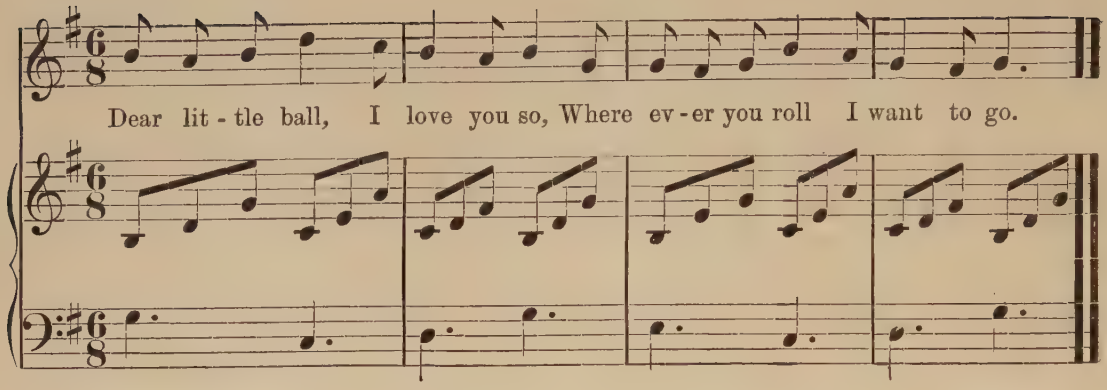
BALL SONG.

E. S.



35. Dear Little Ball.

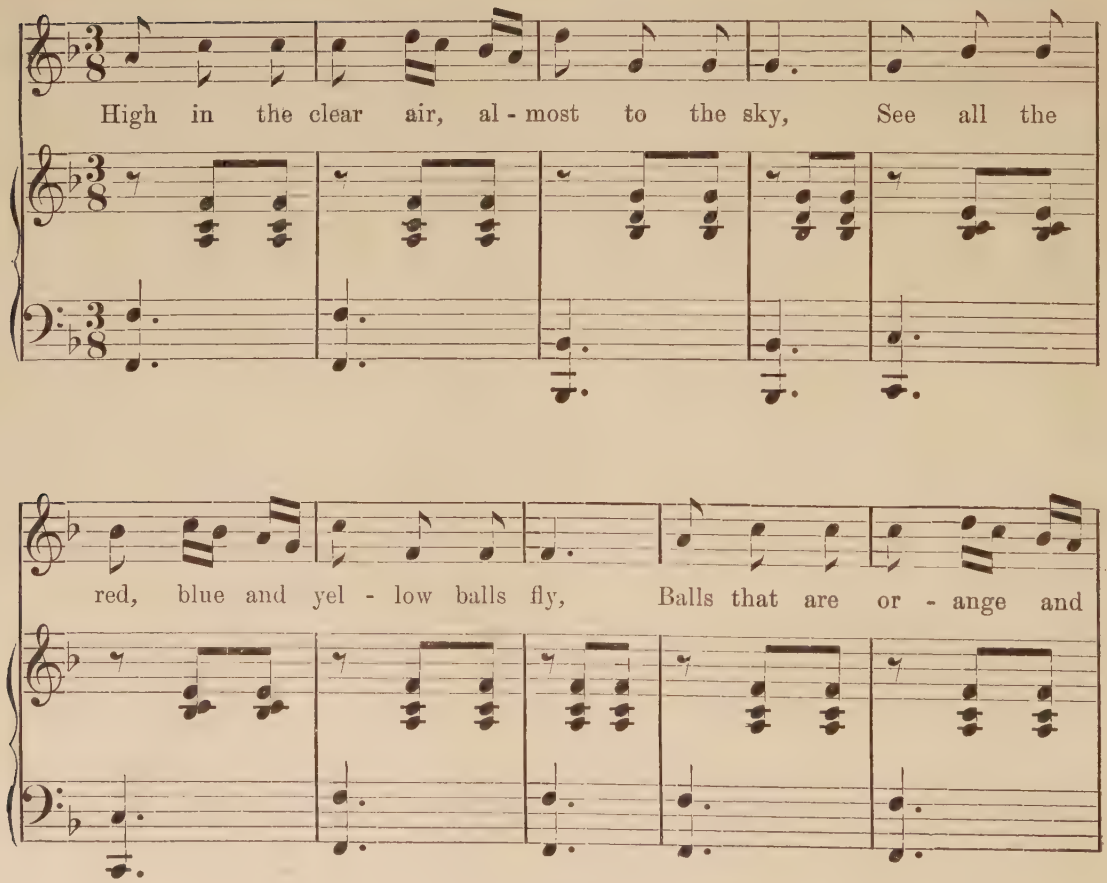
BALL SONG.



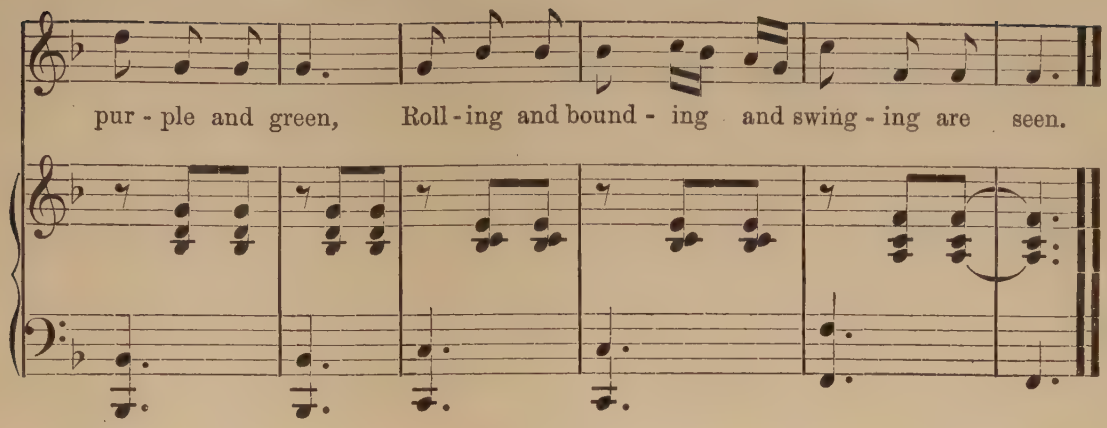
36. High in the Clear Air.

BALL SONG.

Arr. from J. W. Elliot.



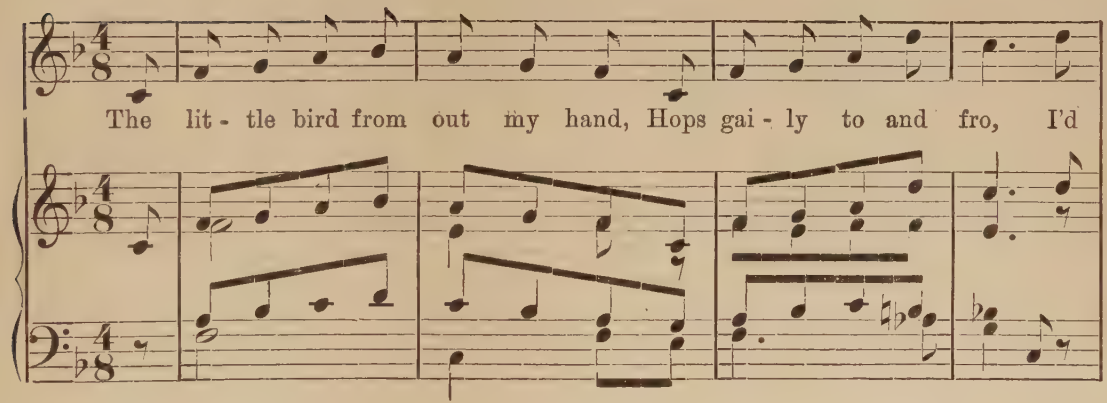
High in the Clear Air. Concluded.

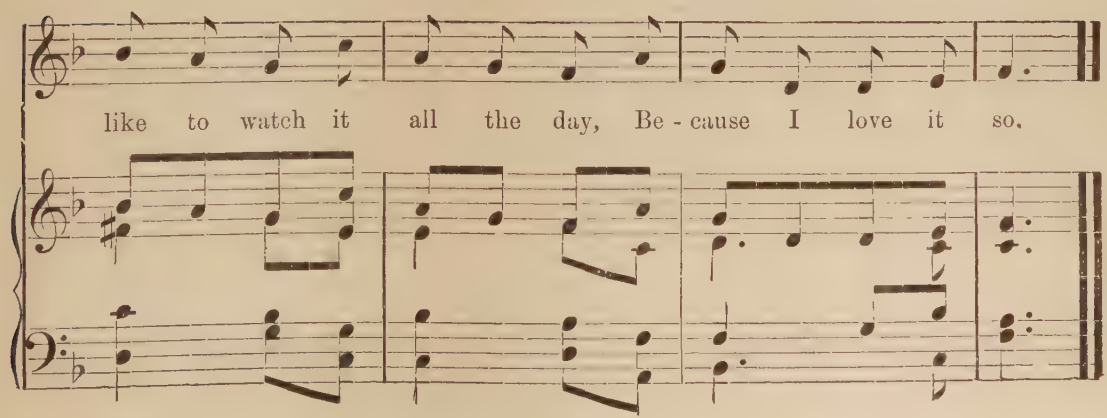


37. The Little Bird.

BALL SONG.

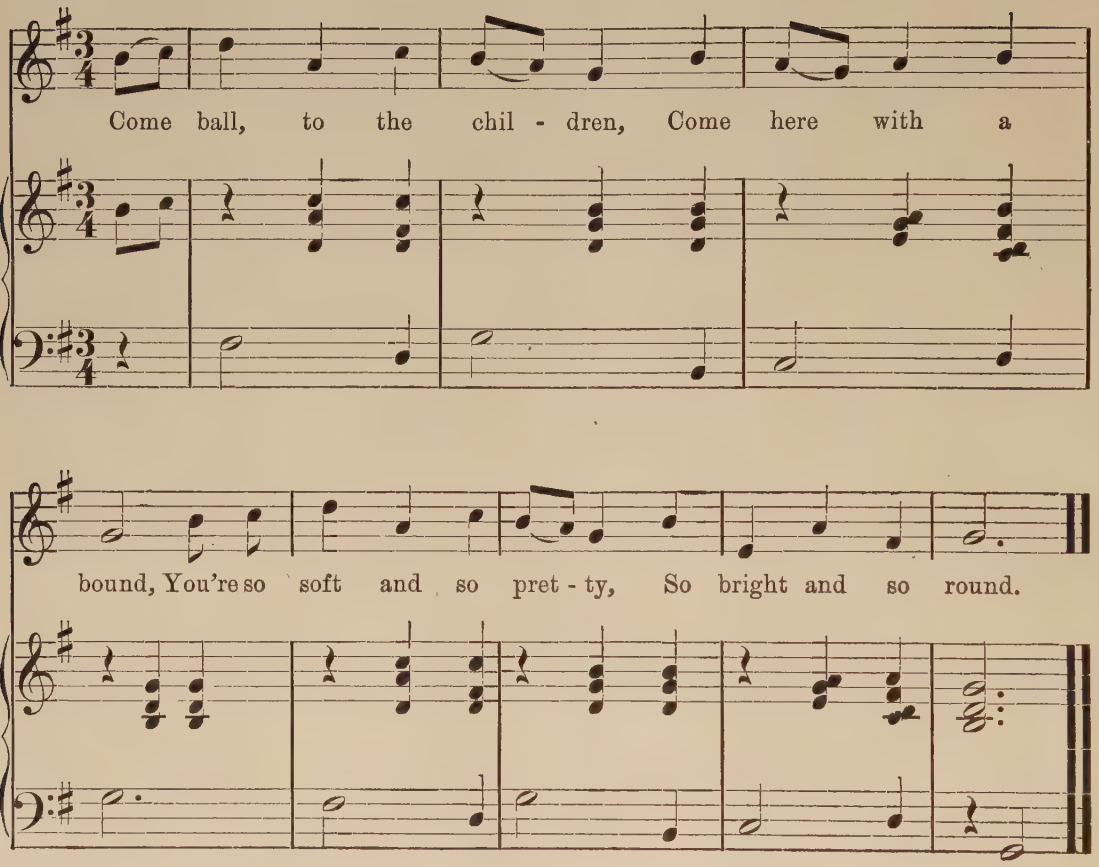
E. S.





38. So Bright and so Round.

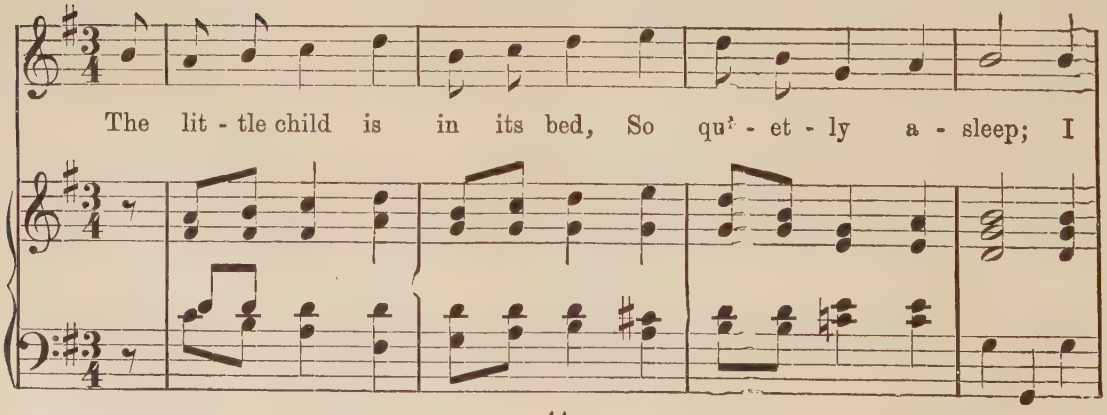
BALL SONG.



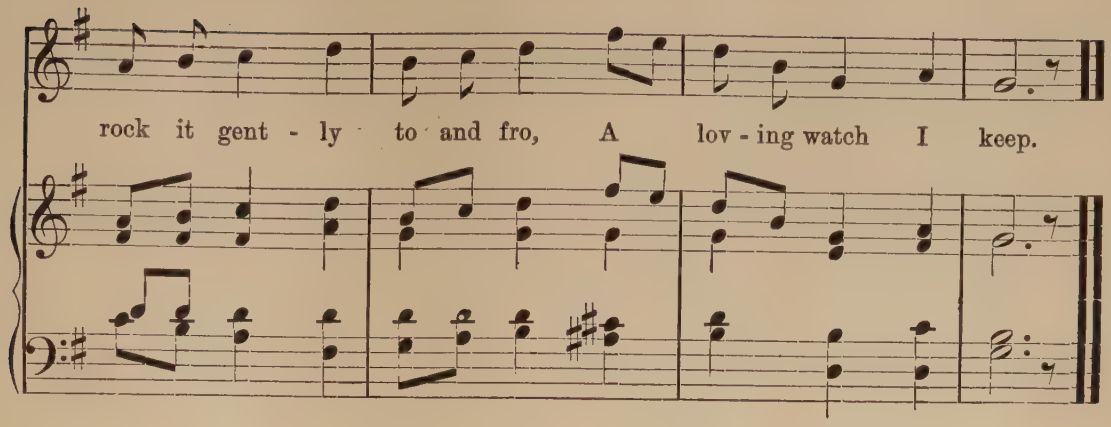
39. The Little Child Asleep.

BALL SONG,

E. S.



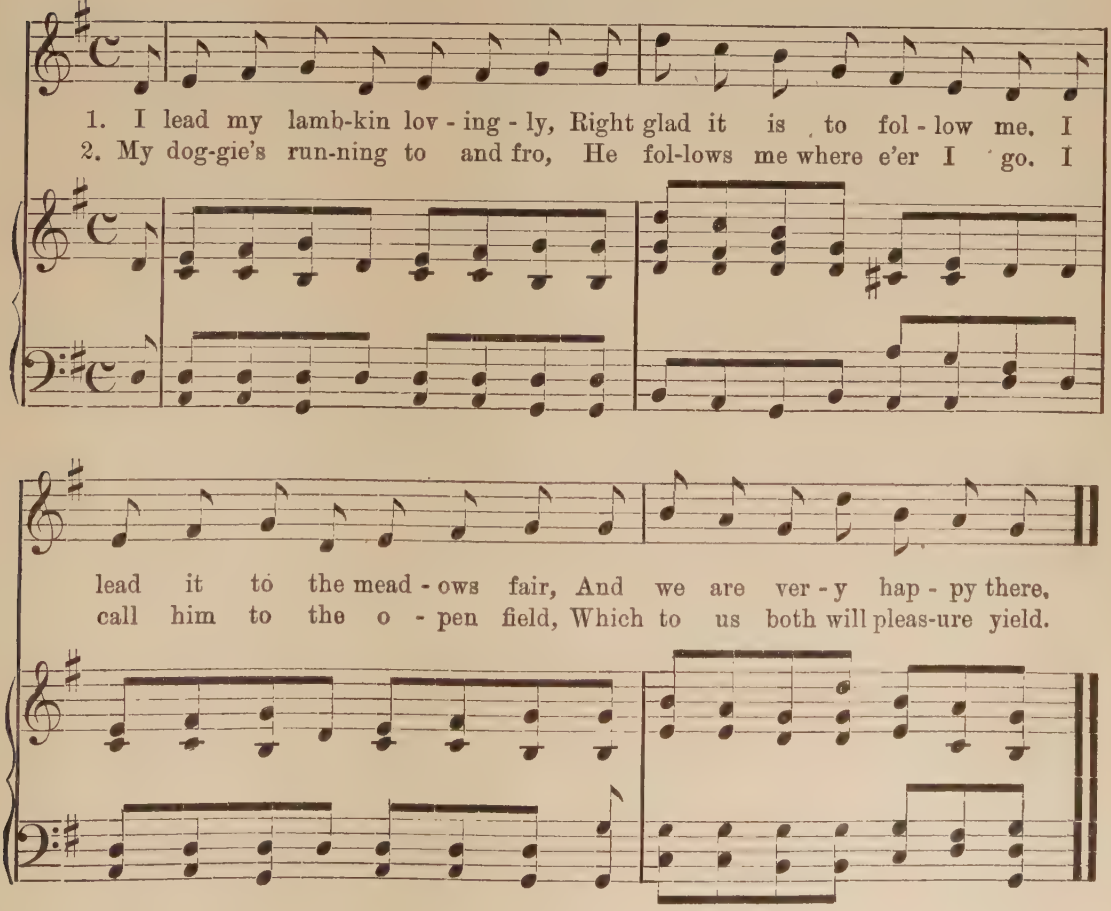
The Little Child Asleep. Concluded.



40. I Lead My Lambkin Lovingly.

BALL SONG.

E. S.


1. I lead my lamb-kin lov - ing - ly, Right glad it is to fol - low me. I
2. My dog-gie's run-ning to and fro, He fol-lows me where e'er I go. I
lead it to the mead - ows fair, And we are ver - y hap - py there,
call him to the o - pen field, Which to us both will pleas-ure yield.

41. Bell So High.

BALL SONG.

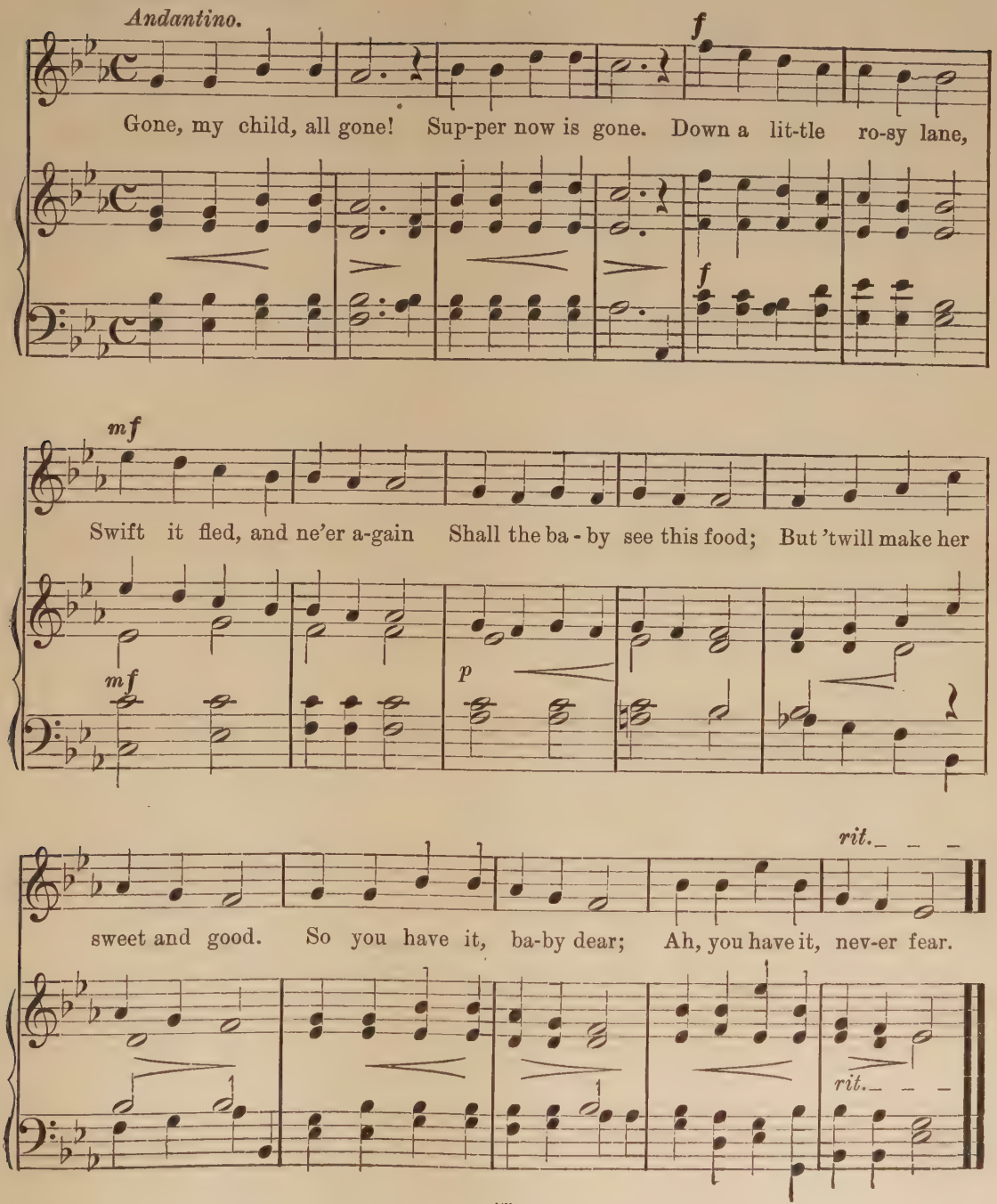
1. Bell so high up in the stee - ple, Call - ing, "Come to
2. To and fro my arm I'm swing - ing, Like the church bell
church, dear peo - ple!" Loud - ly ring and
loud - ly ring - ing, And what - e'er the
sing your song; Ding dong, ding, ding dong, ding dong,
bell can do, I can try, and so can you.

FINGER GAMES.

42. All Gone Baby.

Nursery Song.

Adapted from FROEBEL.


Andantino.
f
Gone, my child, all gone! Sup-per now is gone. Down a lit-tle ro-sy lane,
mf
Swift it fled, and ne'er a-gain Shall the ba - by see this food; But 'twill make her
p
rit.
sweet and good. So you have it, ba-by dear; Ah, you have it, nev-er fear.
rit.

43. Pat-a-cake, Pat-a-cake.

NURSERY-SONG.

Arranged from FROEBEL, by K. S. K. E. S.

1. Pat - a - cake, pat - a - cake, dear ba - by mine;
2. Hear what the ba - ker says, "Ov - en is hot;
Make us a cook - ie, so sweet and so fine.
Bring out the cook - ie, we'll bake on the spot."
Roll it and knead it and put in a plum;
Bake it and brown it and have it for tea;

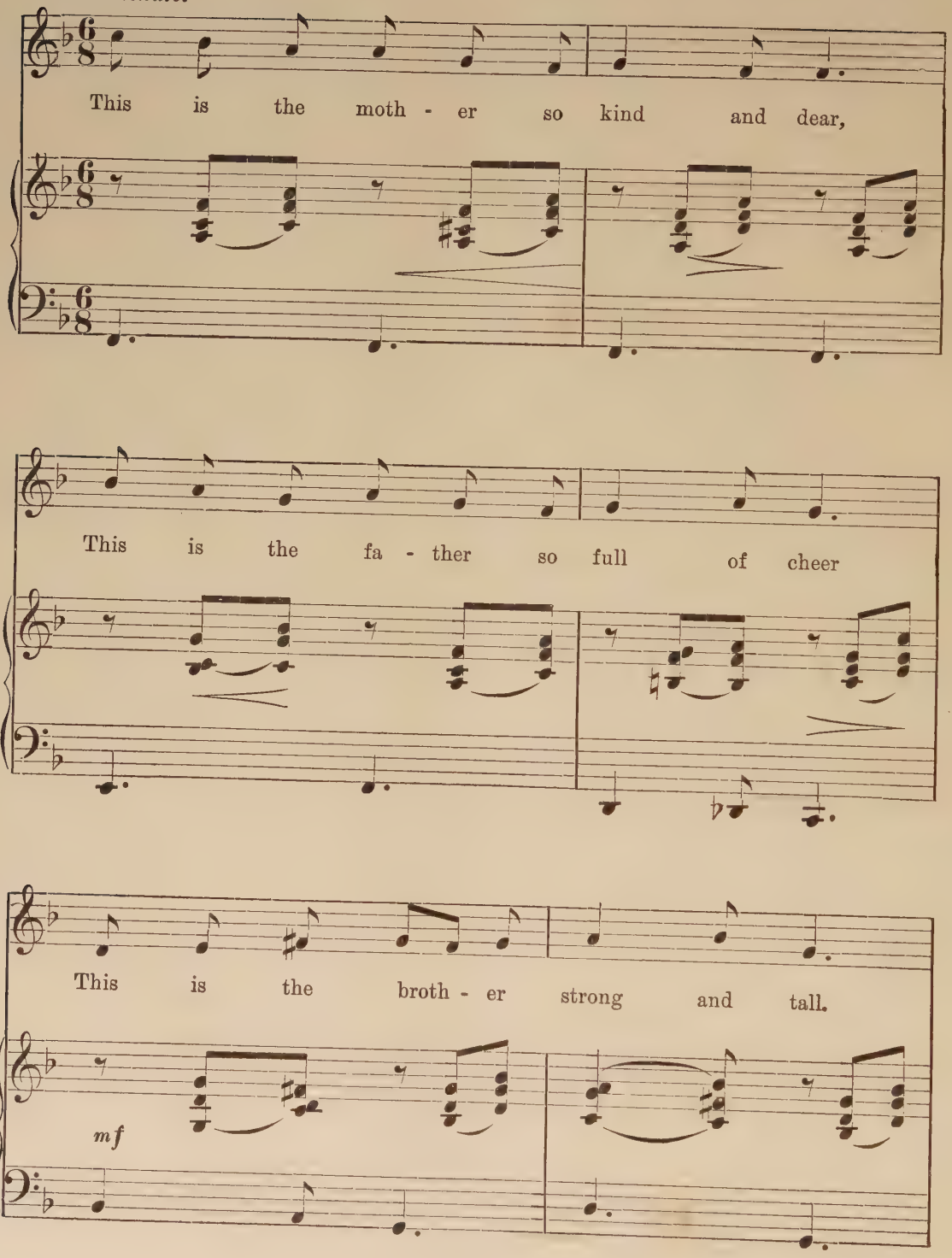
Pat-a-Cake. Concluded.

That you can take 'twixt your fing - er and thumb.
Then we will eat it and hap - py we'll be.
Pat - a - cake, pat - a - cake, dear ba - by mine,
Make us a cook - ie, so sweet and so fine.

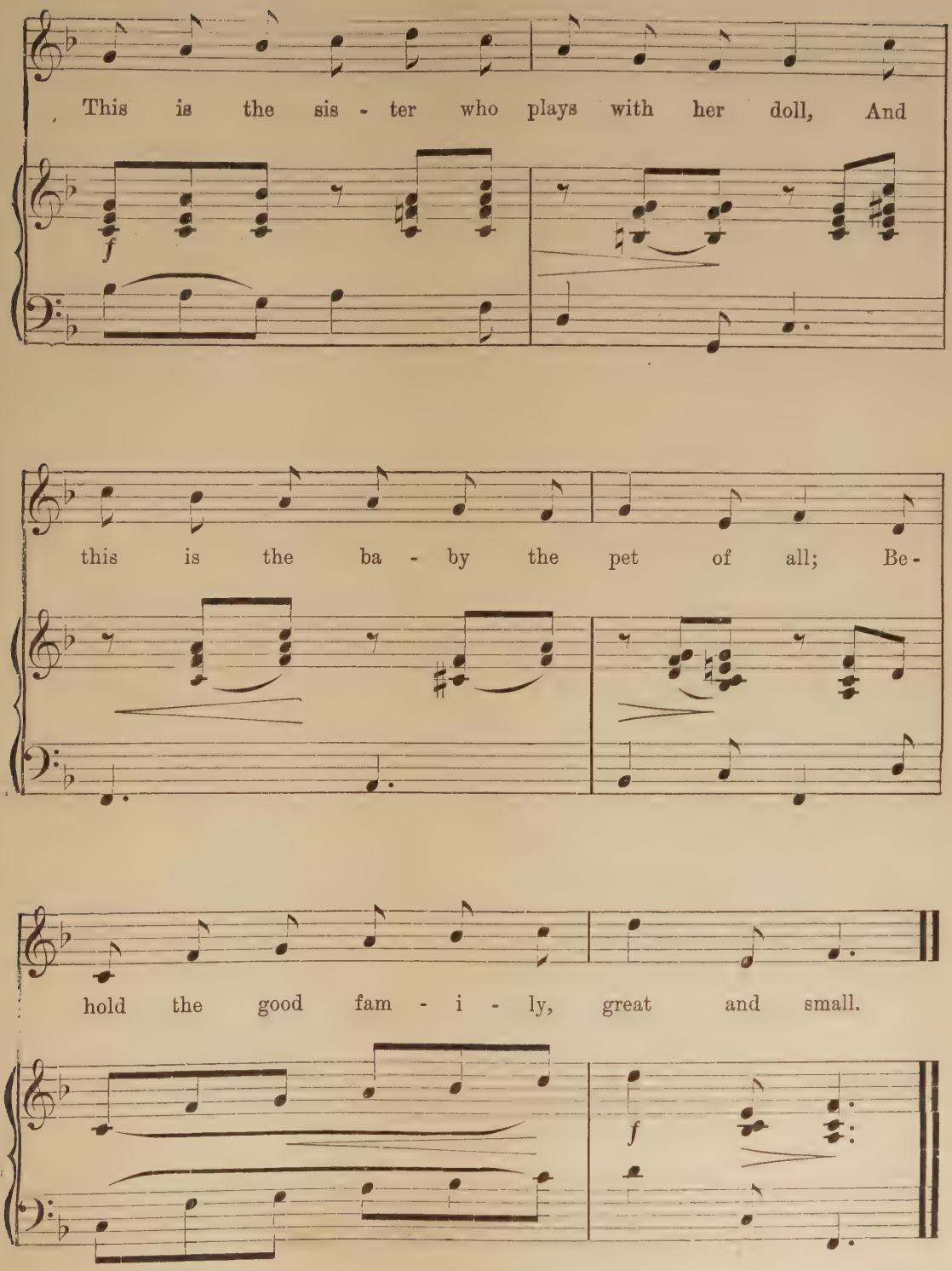
44. This is the Mother.

FROEBEL. E. S.

Sostenuto.

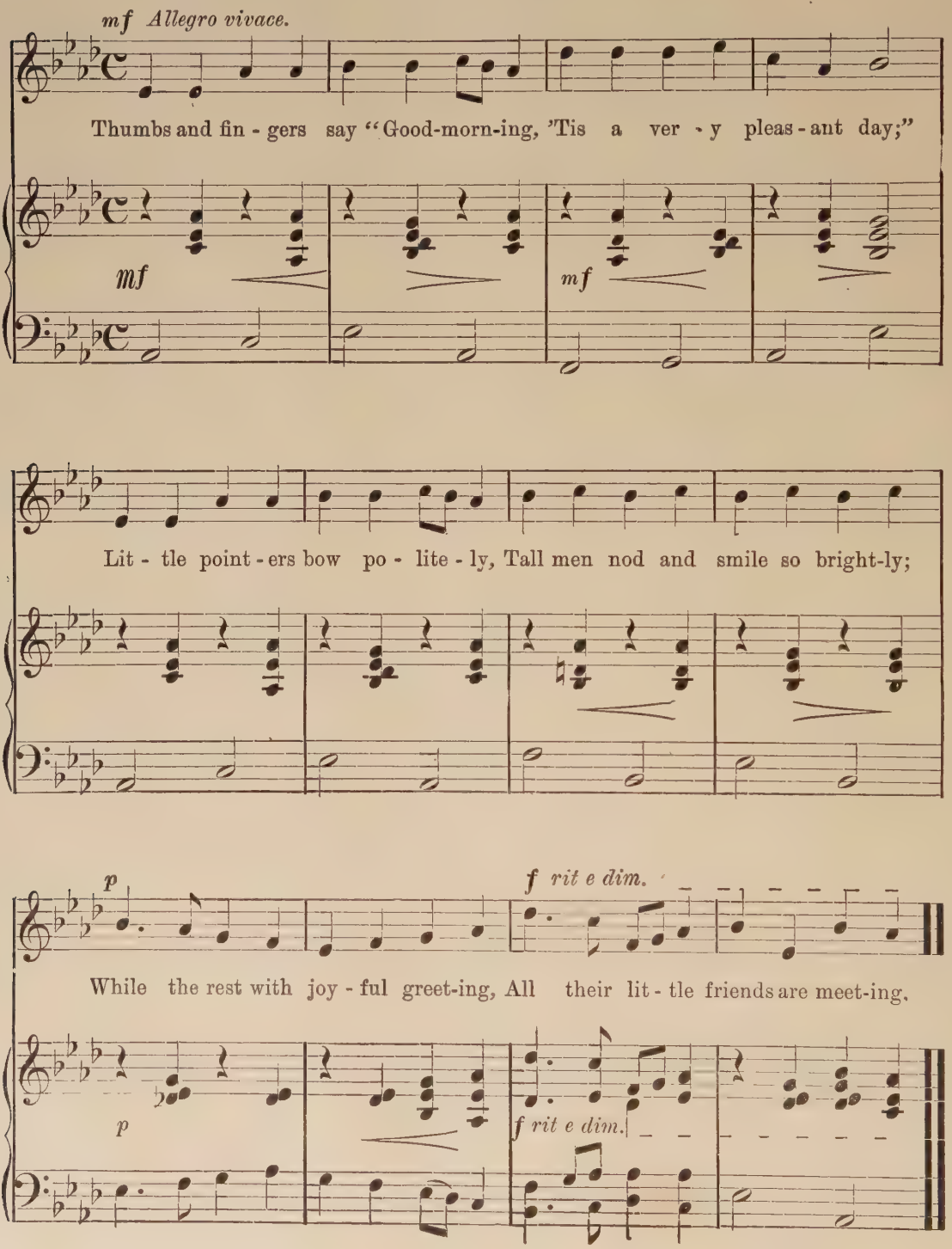


This is the Mother. Concluded.



45. Thumbs and Fingers Say "Good-Morning."

Words adapted from FROEBEL. E. S.


mf Allegro vivace.
Thumbs and fin - gers say "Good-morn-ing, 'Tis a ver - y pleas - ant day;"
mf
mf
Lit - tle point - ers bow po - lite - ly, Tall men nod and smile so bright-ly;
p
f rit e dim.
While the rest with joy - ful greet-ing, All their lit - tle friends are meet-ing,
p
f rit e dim.

46. Thumbkin Says "I'll Dance."

Adapted from FROEBEL. E. S.

Allegro con moto.

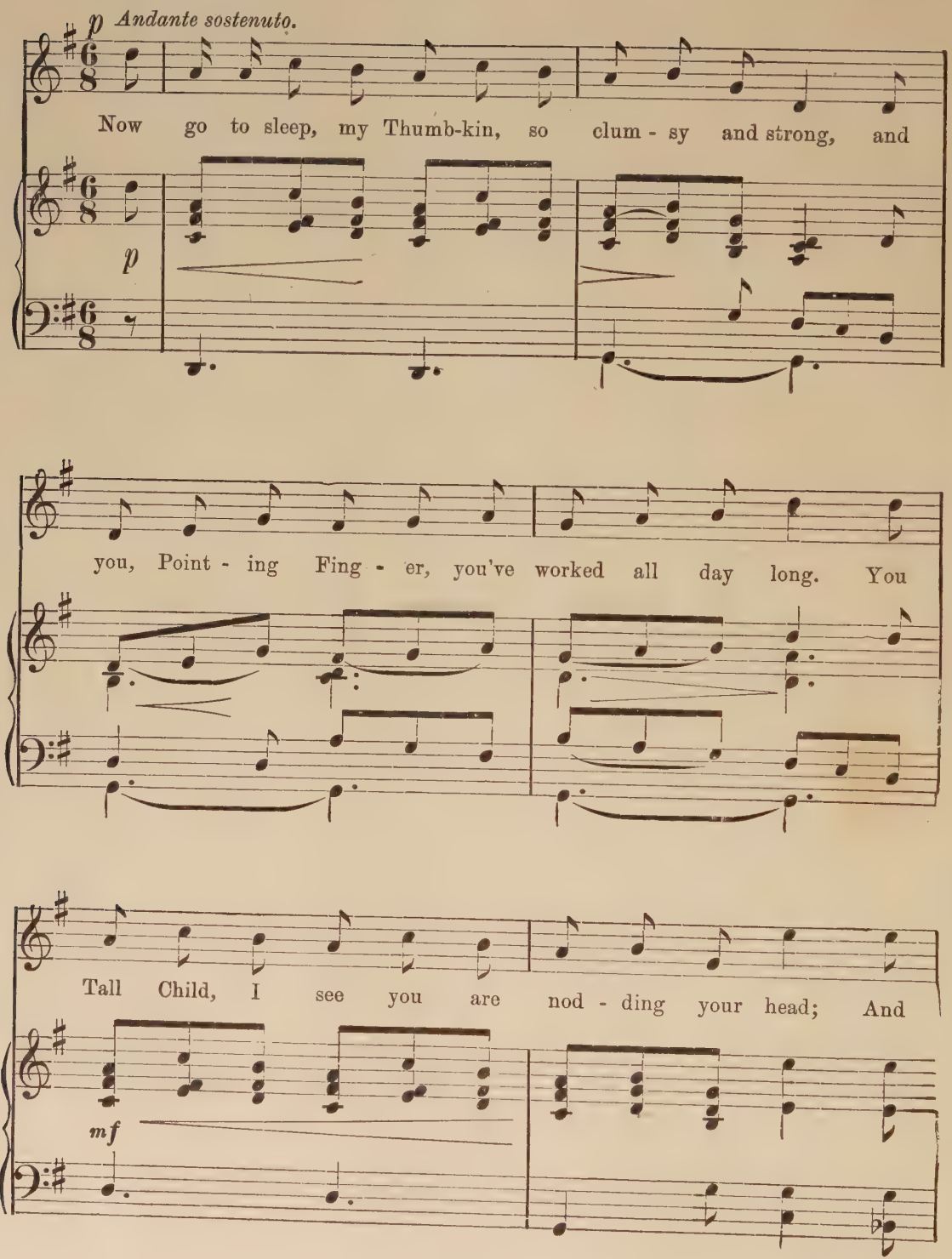
1. Thumb - kin says "I'll dance," Thumb - kin says "I'll
2. Point - er says "I'll dance," Point - er says "I'll
3. Long man says "I'll dance," Long man says "I'll
mf
cres.
sing. I am al - ways blithe and gay,
sing. Broth - er Thumb - kin, light and free,
sing. I am ver - y tall and strong,
cres.
f
Grow - ing mer - ri - er ev - ry day." Dance and sing then, one wee man.
Will - ing - ly I dance with thee." Dance and sing then, two wee men.
So I'll help you both a - long." Dance and sing then, three wee men.
mf

Goldman says "I'll dance,"
Goldman says "I'll sing.
With my brothers one two three,
I will dance right merrily."
Dance and sing then, four wee men.

Tiny man says "I'll dance,"
Tiny man says "I'll sing.
Though I'm such a little one
I can join in all the fun."
Dance and sing then, five wee men.

47. Go to Sleep, Thumbkin.

Adapted from FROEBEL. **E. S.**


p Andante sostenuto.
Now go to sleep, my Thumb-kin, so clum - sy and strong, and
p
you, Point - ing Fing - er, you've worked all day long. You
Tall Child, I see you are nod - ding your head; And
mf

Go to Sleep, Thumbkin. Concluded.

p
Ring Fin - ger, too, is 'most read - y for bed. Then
p
cov - er the ba - by, too sleep - y for fun. Good
rit.
night, lit - tle chil - dren; a kiss for each one.
rit.

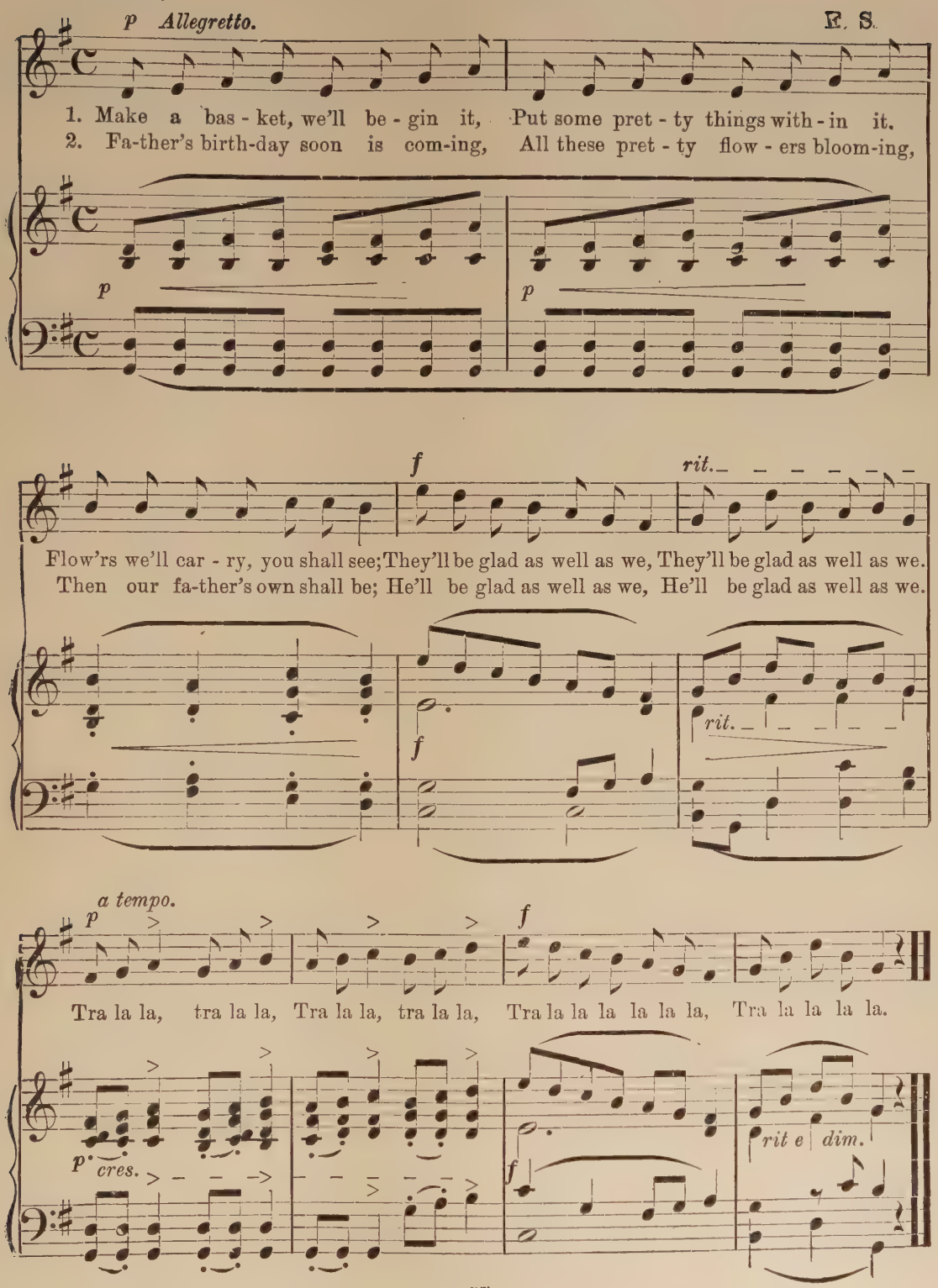
48. In a Hedge.

FROEBEL. E. S.

Andantino. p
1. In a hedge just where 'tis best, Moth - er bird has
2. The eggs are hatched, and we can hear Two ti - ny birds cry,
p
mf
built her nest. Two small eggs she lays, speckled and blue,
"Moth - er dear." Near them let us soft - ly creep,
mf
Sits there many days, warm and true. Sits there many days, warm and true.
While the bird - lings cry "Peep, peep!" While the bird - lings cry "Peep, peep!"
f
rit e dim.

49. The Basket.

FROEBEL.


p Allegretto.
E. S.
1. Make a bas - ket, we'll be - gin it, Put some pret - ty things with - in it.
2. Fa-ther's birth-day soon is com-ing, All these pret - ty flow - ers bloom-ing,
p
p
f
rit.
Flow'rs we'll car - ry, you shall see; They'll be glad as well as we, They'll be glad as well as we.
Then our fa-ther's own shall be; He'll be glad as well as we, He'll be glad as well as we.
f
rit.
a tempo.
p
f
Tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la, tra la la, Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la.
p cres.
f
rit e dim.

50. Sunshine Song.

Adapted from FROEBEL, by NELLIE C. ALEXANDER. ELEANOR SMITH.

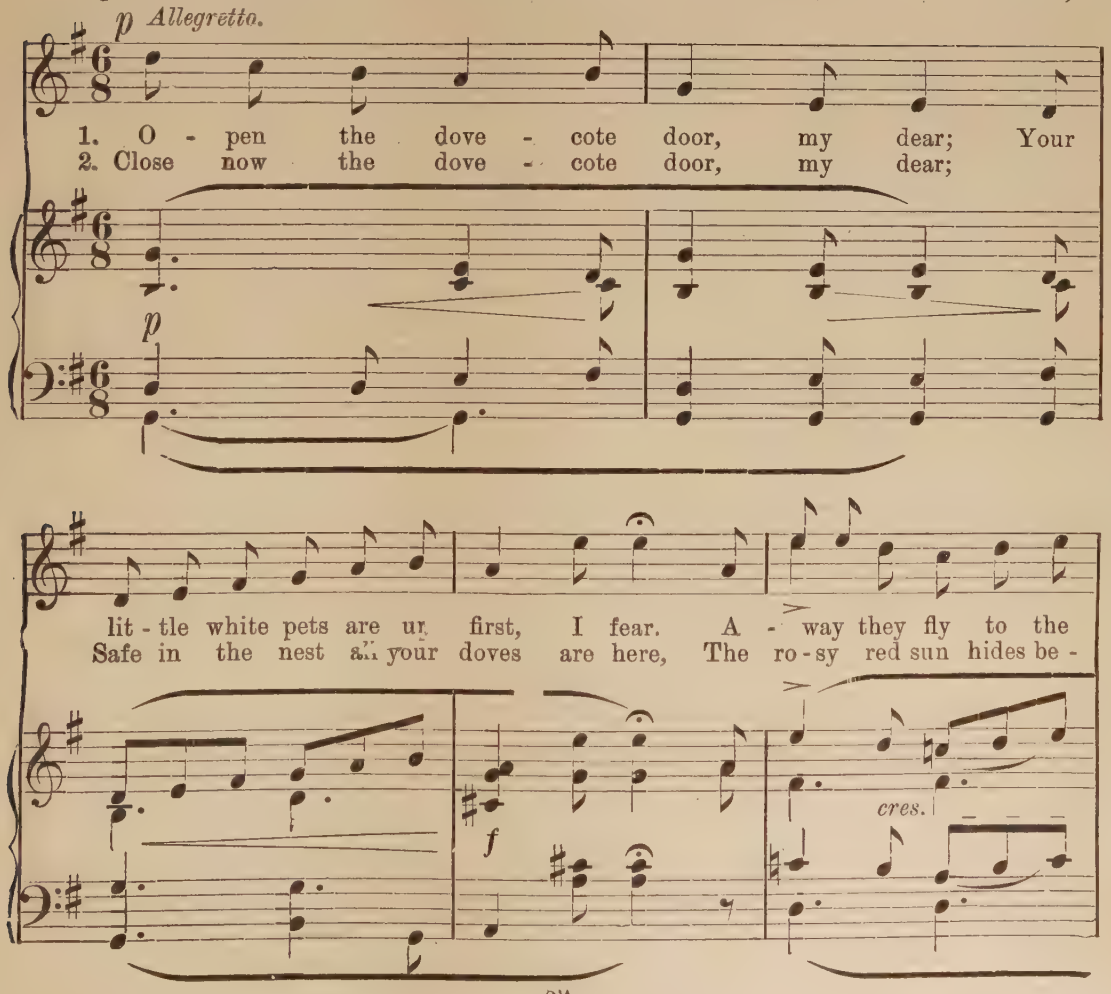
Tranquillo.

p
1. When I'm soft - ly sleep - ing, In the ear - ly morn,
2. Wel - come, lit - tle sun - beam; Kind - ly hast thou come,
p
mf
Through my win - dow creep - ing, A sun - ray comes, new - born. It
Bring - ing cheer - ful sun - shine From thy far - off home.
f
gen - tly says, "Good - morn - ing," Then with gold - en light,
Gen - tle lit - tle sun - beam, Glad - ly I would be,

Sunshine Song. Concluded.

51. The Dove Cote.

Adapted from FROEBEL. E. S,


p Allegretto.
1. O - pen the dove - cote door, my dear; Your
2. Close now the dove - cote door, my dear;
p
lit - tle white pets are ur first, I fear. A - way they fly to the
Safe in the nest all your doves are here, The ro - sy red sun hides be -
f
cres.

The Dove Cote. Concluded.

old oak tree, Where lit - tle white pig - eons are
hind the hill, As un - der its wing goes each
cres.
glad to be. Coo! coo!..... Where
small pink bill. Coo! coo!..... As
lit - tle white pig - eons are glad to be.
un - der its wing goes each small pink bill.

52 Finger-Piano.

Adapted from FROEBEL. E. S.

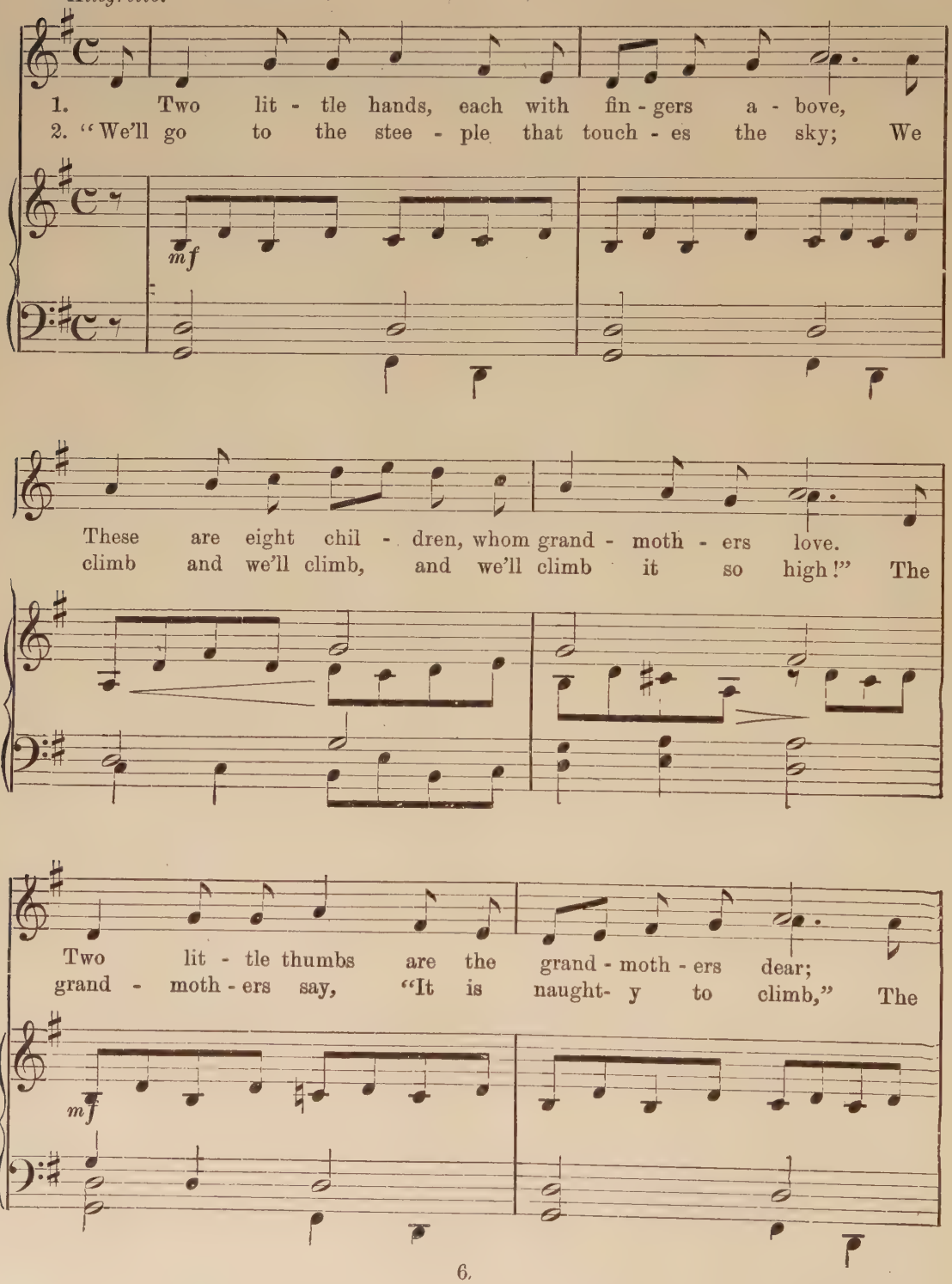
Dolce.
p
1. What sweet tunes can ba - bies play, Press-ing soft with ti - ny fin - gers?
2. Even - ing songs are sweet ones too, Songs from fai - ry throats so slen - der;
p
Sweet-est tune of ear - ly day, Song of mead - ow - lark that lin - gers.
But the song most sweet and true, Mother's cra - dle song so ten - der.
p
*
1 2 3 4 2 3 1 3 4 5 3 3 2 1
La la la la, la la la, La, la, la, la, la la la.

* Many other combinations of the first five scales tones, may be used in this refrain. For example: { 1, 2, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, / 5, 4, 3, 1, 2, 2, 1, } and { 1, 3, 5, 3, 2, 4, 3, / 5, 5, 4, 3, 3, 2, 1. }

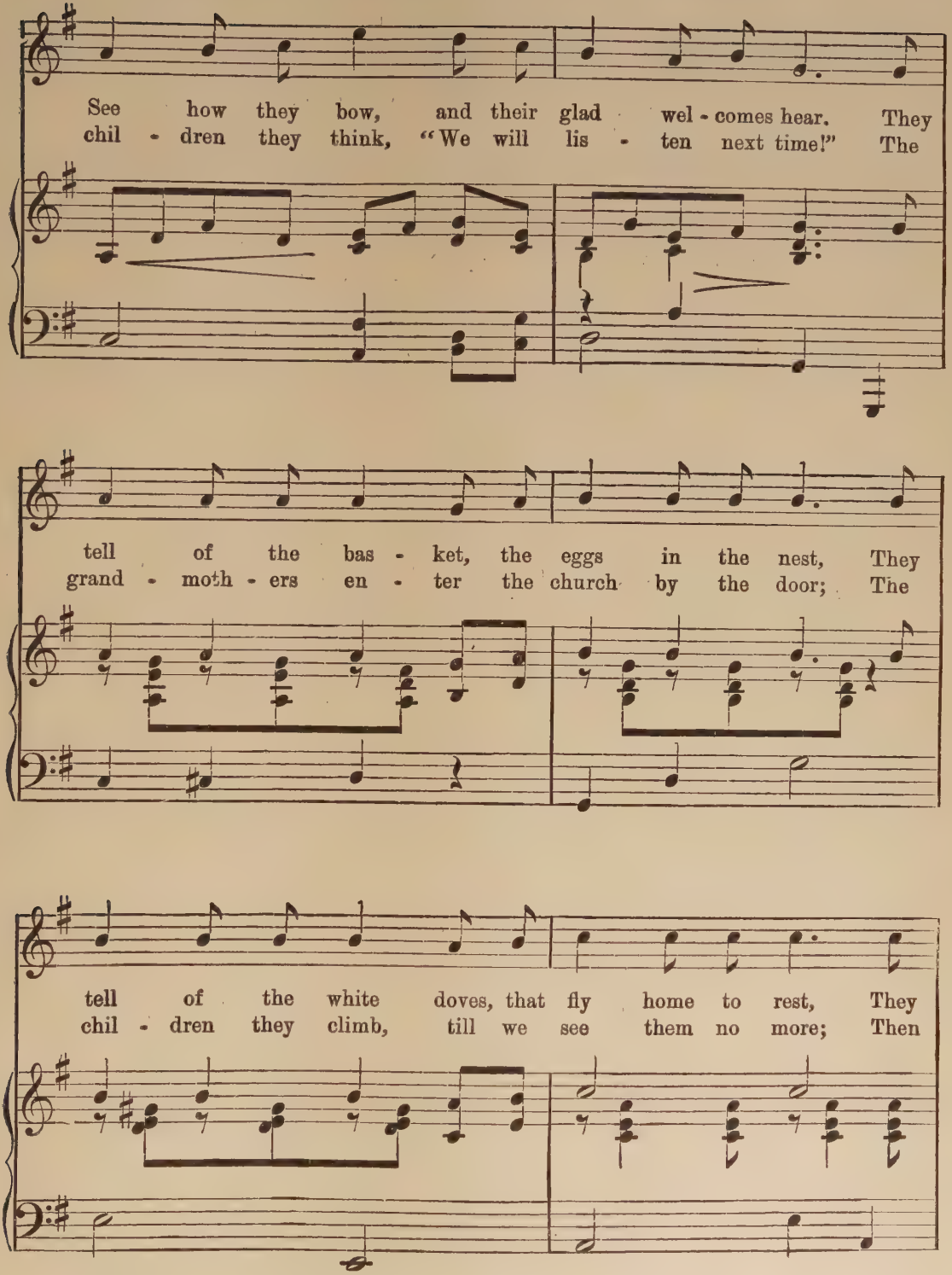
53. Children on the Tower.

Adapted from FROEBEL, by K. S. K. E. S.

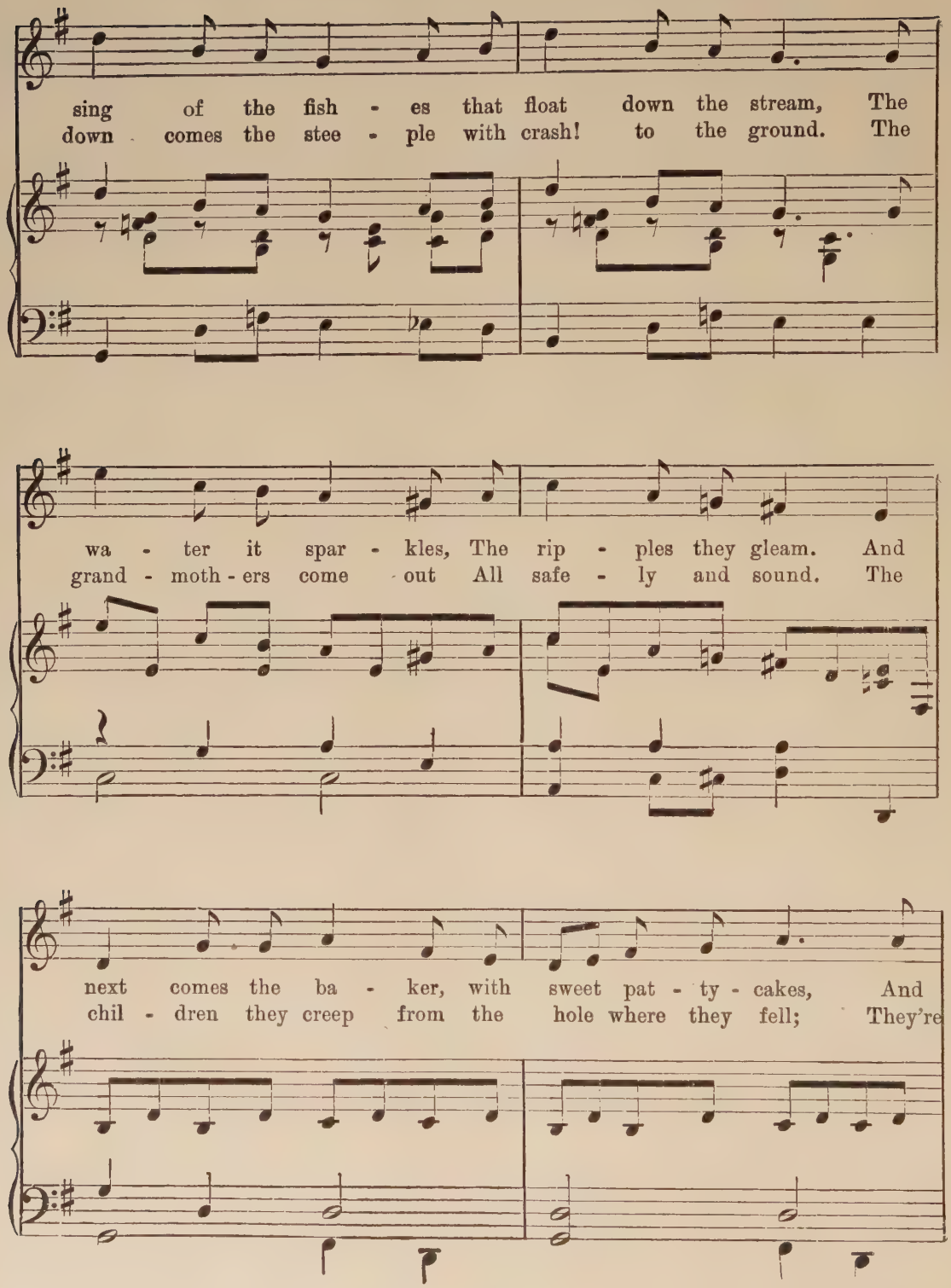
Allegretto.


1. Two lit - tle hands, each with fin - gers a - bove,
2. "We'll go to the stee - ple that touch - es the sky; We
mf
These are eight chil - dren, whom grand - moth - ers love.
climb and we'll climb, and we'll climb it so high!" The
Two lit - tle thumbs are the grand - moth - ers dear;
grand - moth - ers say, "It is naught- y to climb," The
mf

Children on the Tower. Continued.


See how they bow, and their glad wel - comes hear. They
chil - dren they think, "We will lis - ten next time!" The
tell of the bas - ket, the eggs in the nest, They
grand - moth - ers en - ter the church by the door; The
tell of the white doves, that fly home to rest, They
chil - dren they climb, till we see them no more; Then

Children on the Tower. Continued.


sing of the fish - es that float down the stream, The
down comes the stee - ple with crash! to the ground. The
wa - ter it spar - kles, The rip - ples they gleam. And
grand - moth - ers come out All safe - ly and sound. The
next comes the ba - ker, with sweet pat - ty - cakes, And
chil - dren they creep from the hole where they fell; They're

Children on the Tower. Concluded.

fol - lows the tar - get the good broth - er makes: And
shak - en, and sor - ry, and fright - ened as well, And
now that their gay songs are end - ed and through, They
while they all cling to the grand - moth - ers tight, They
call to the grand - moth - ers, "What shall we do?"
cry and they sob, "Now we'll do what is right!

MARCHING SONGS.

54. Hark, Hark, Like the Lark.

T. Arranged from REINECKE.

mf
1. Hark! Hark! like the lark, Mer - ri - ly we're
2. One, two, straight and true, To keep in step we're
mf
sing - ing. Hark! Hark! from dawn to dark, Hap - py voic - es ring - ing.
try - ing, One, two, in sky so blue, See our ban-ner fly - ing.
f
Round and round, now let us go, Not too fast and not too slow,
Step by step, we march a - long, Keep - ing time with mer - ry song,
f

Hark, Hark, Like the Lark. Concluded.

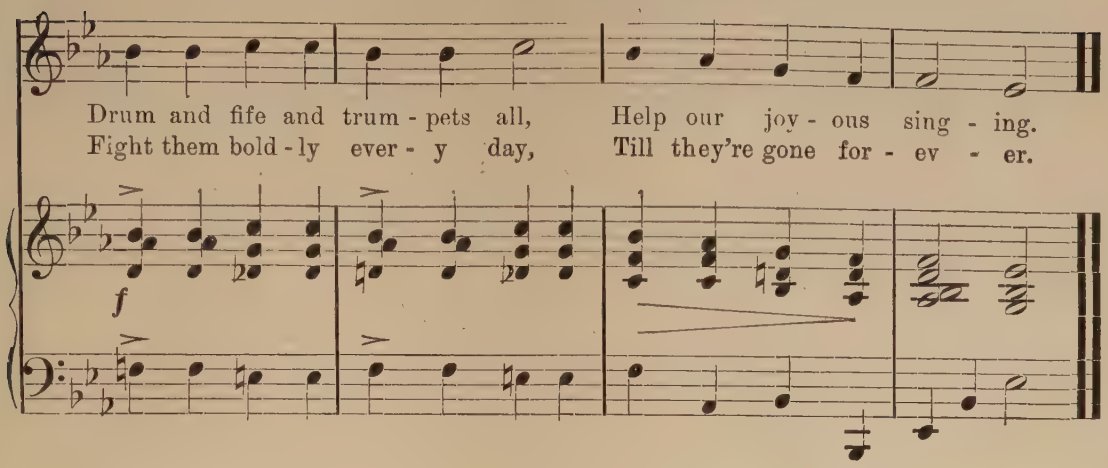
All in line and keep - ing time, Now the play's be - gin - ning.
Fa - ces bright and heart so light, Plumes and ban - ners fly - ing.
mf
Hark! Hark! like the lark, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly,
One, two, straight and true, Straight and true, straight and true, To
mf
Mer - ri - ly we're sing - ing.
keep in step we're try - ing.

55. We Are Little Soldier Men.

E. S,

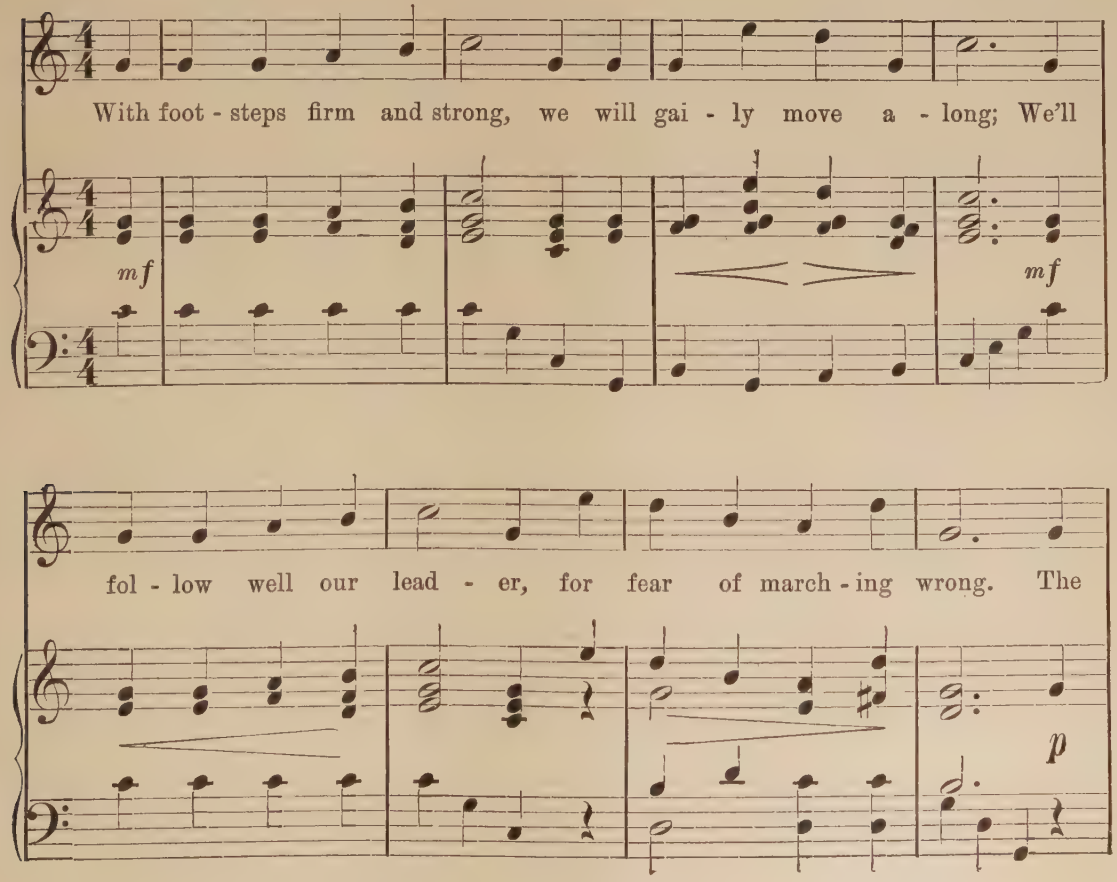
Tempo di marcia.
1. We are lit - tle sol-dier men, March - ing on to - geth - er.
2. Would you know what foes we seek, As we march so stead y?
Marcato.
Now we tramp and now our feet Fall like an - y feath - er.
Foes are man - y, foes are strong, For the bat - tle read - y.
f
p
Hear our drums that beat so gay, Hear our trum-pets ring - ing,
Sel - fish - ness and wrong they're called, And we'll love them nev - er,
mf

We Are Little Soldier Men. Concluded.

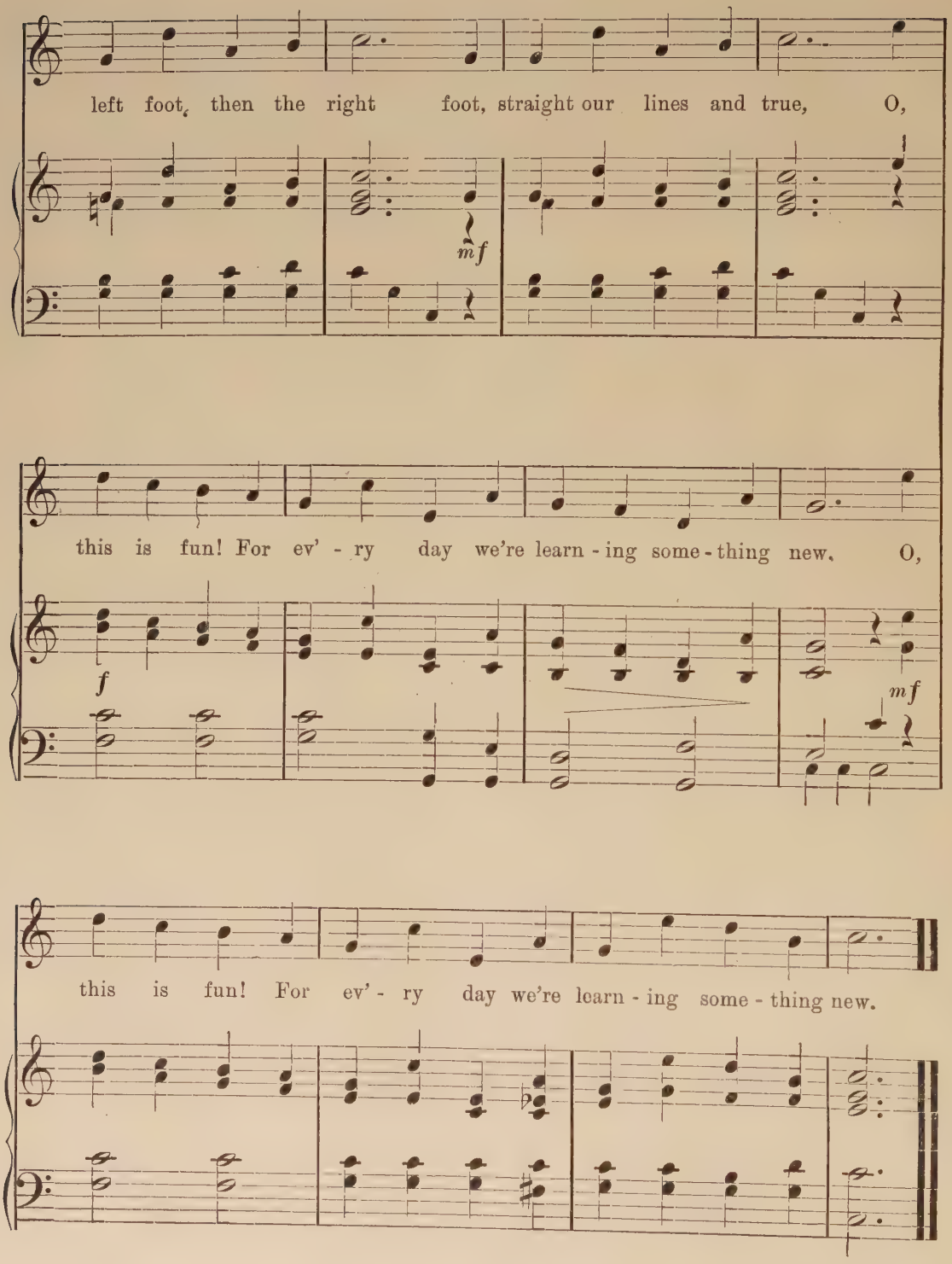


56. With Footsteps Firm.

NELLIE C. ALEXANDER. KUECKEN.

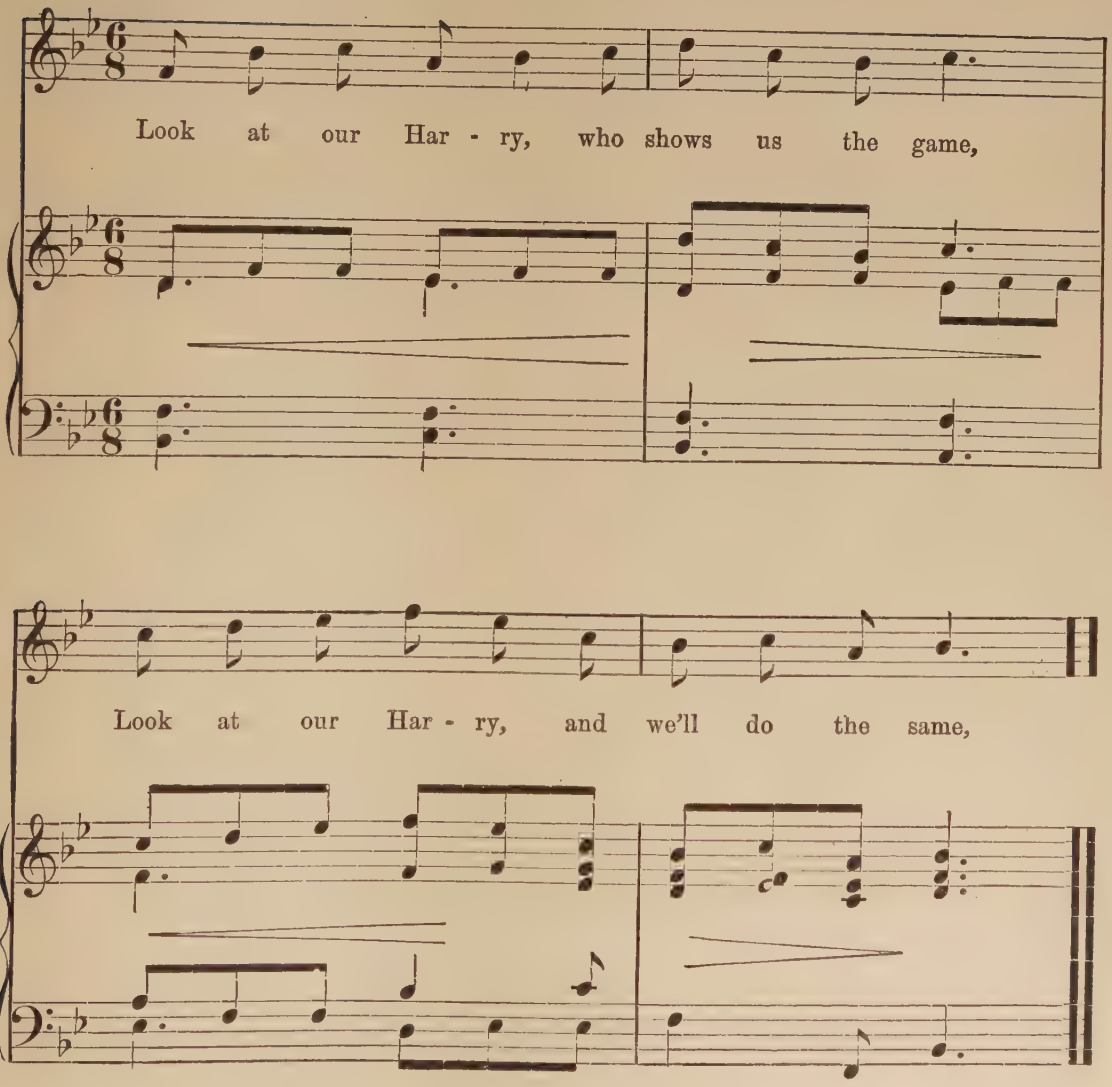


With Footsteps Firm. Concluded.


left foot, then the right foot, straight our lines and true, O,
mf
this is fun! For ev' - ry day we're learn - ing some - thing new, O,
f
mf
this is fun! For ev' - ry day we're learn - ing some - thing new.

CIRCLE GAMES.

57. Choosing the Game



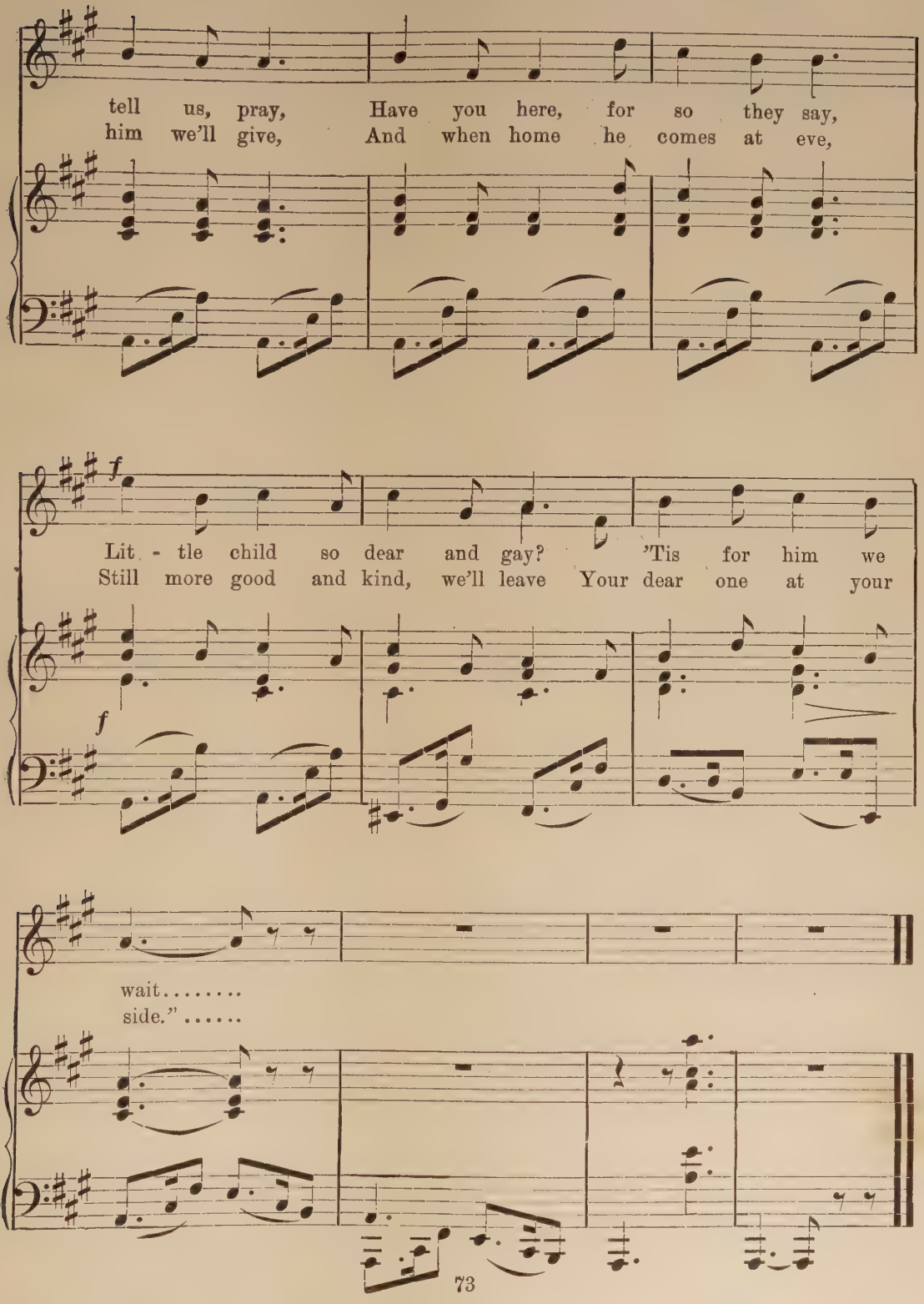
58. Five Riders and Good Child.

Adapted by FROEBEL. E. S.

Animato e ben marcato.

1. "Rid - ers five on steeds so gay, Fair and sun - ny
2. If he's al - ways good and true, Sweet and kind and
is the day; Tell me why you wait - ing stay,
lov - ing too, Then your boy with eyes so blue,
At my cot - tage gate?" "La - dy fair - est,
Far with us shall ride; Ma - ny joys to

Five Riders and Good Child. Concluded.


tell us, pray, Have you here, for so they say,
him we'll give, And when home he comes at eve,
f
Lit - tle child so dear and gay? 'Tis for him we
Still more good and kind, we'll leave Your dear one at your
f
wait.....
side." .....

59. Ring Around the Posy Bed.

E. S.

Vivace.
1. Ring - a - round the po - sy bed so gai - ly glow - ing,
2. Ring - a - round the po - sy bed so gai - ly glow - ing,
mf
Ring a - round, where daint - y buds so sweet are seen.
Ring a - round, where daint - y buds so sweet are seen.
Hol - ly - hock so slim and tall, Proud - ly lifts her head o'er all
Pan - sy dear so blue and gold, Bright - est blooms when nights are cold,

Ring Around the Posy Bed. Concluded.

Hol - ly - hock, hol - ly - hock, Shall she be our queen?
Pan - sy dear, pan - sy dear, Shall she be our queen?
f
Ring - a - round the po - sy bed so gai - ly glow - ing,
Hand in hand, now light - ly dance up - on the green.

3. Ring around the posy bed, so gaily glowing,
Ring around, where dainty buds so sweet are seen.
Lily bell so pure and white,
Starry heart so golden bright,
Lily bell, lily bell, shall she be our queen?
Ring around the posy bed, so gaily glowing,
Hand in hand, now lightly dance upon the green.

4. Ring around the posy bed so gaily glowing,
Ring around where dainty buds, so sweet are seen.
Rosy bud so warm and red,
Lift your lovely drooping head;
Rosy bud, rosy bud, you shall be our queen!
Ring around the posy bed, so gaily glowing,
Hand in hand, now lightly dance upon the green.

60. The Wind Mill.

LOUIS C. ELSON. Arr. from ADOLPH JENSEN.

Allegretto.

1. The wind-mill's fans a - round they go, As fresh'-ning breez-es,
2. But when the sum - mer sun - beams burn, The la - zy fans will
on them blow; They crush our oats they grind our corn, And
scarce - ly turn; The puffs of wind come faint and slow, And
bu - sy are both night and morn. When blow the wild No -
then the mill will scarce - ly go. The mil - ler with dis -

Words from WIDE AWAKE by permission of D. Lothrop Company.

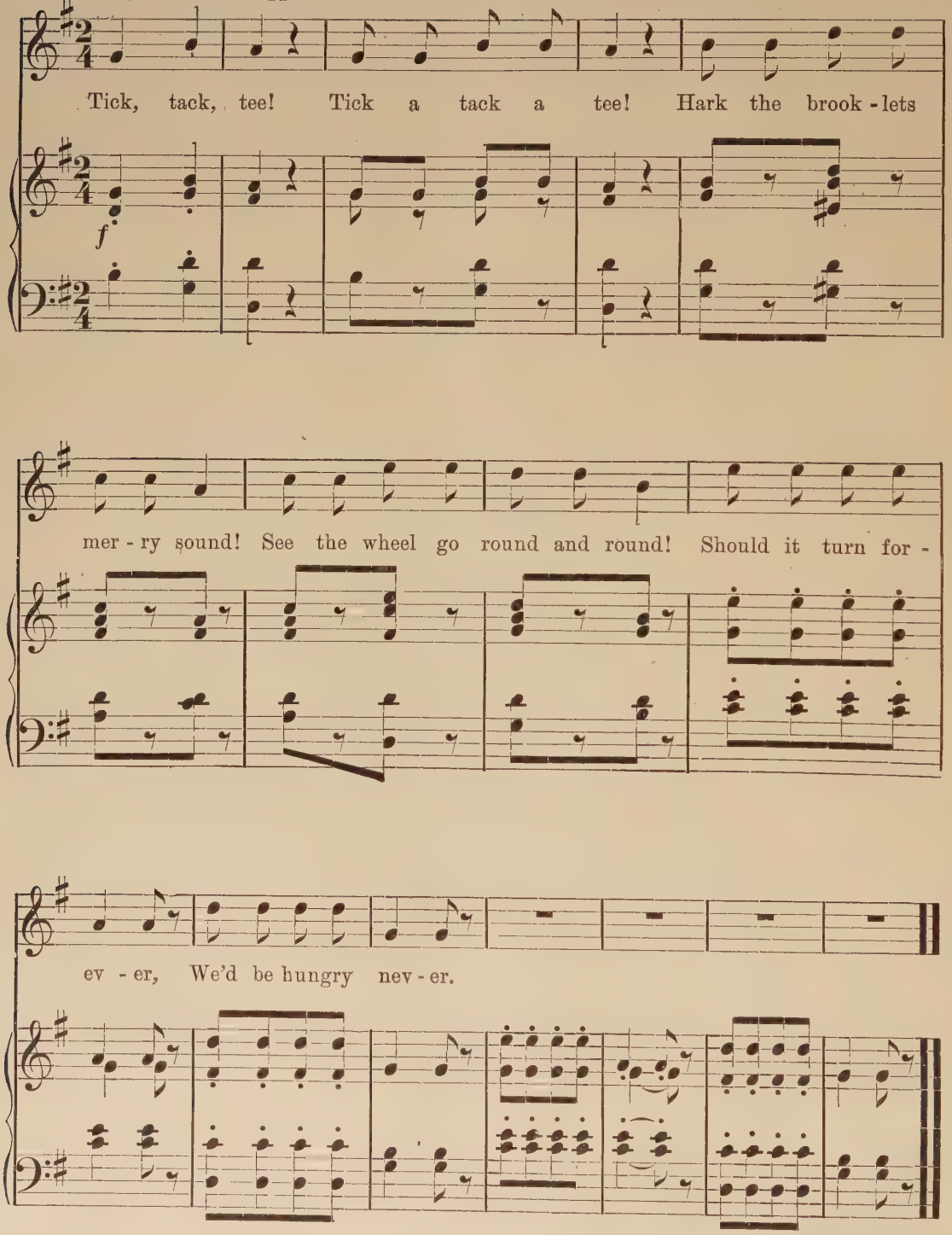
The Wind Mill. Concluded.

vem - ber gales, Swift go the arms and full the sails; With
pleas - ure sees How light and light - er, grows the breeze; And
joy the mil - ler's heart doth swell, He knows his mill is grind - ing well.
soon, a - las! it whol - ly drops, And then the bu - sy wind - mill stops.

61. The Mill.

Arranged from REINECKE.

Allegro ma non troppo.


Tick, tack, tee! Tick a tack a tee! Hark the brook-lets
f
mer-ry sound! See the wheel go round and round! Should it turn for-
ev-er, We'd be hungry nev-er.

TRADE SONGS.

61b. Mowing Song.

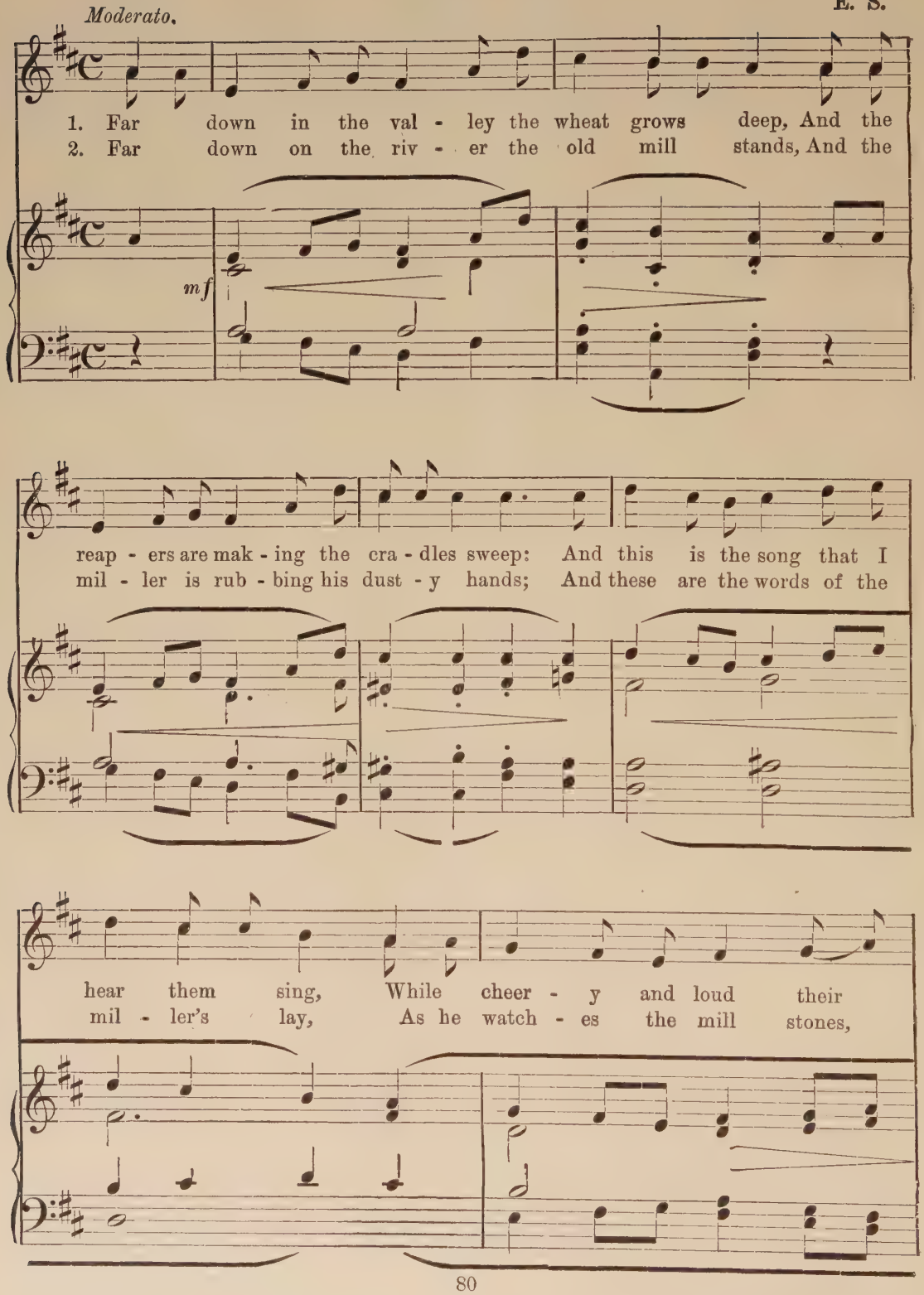
Adapted from FROEBEL; E. S.

Animato.

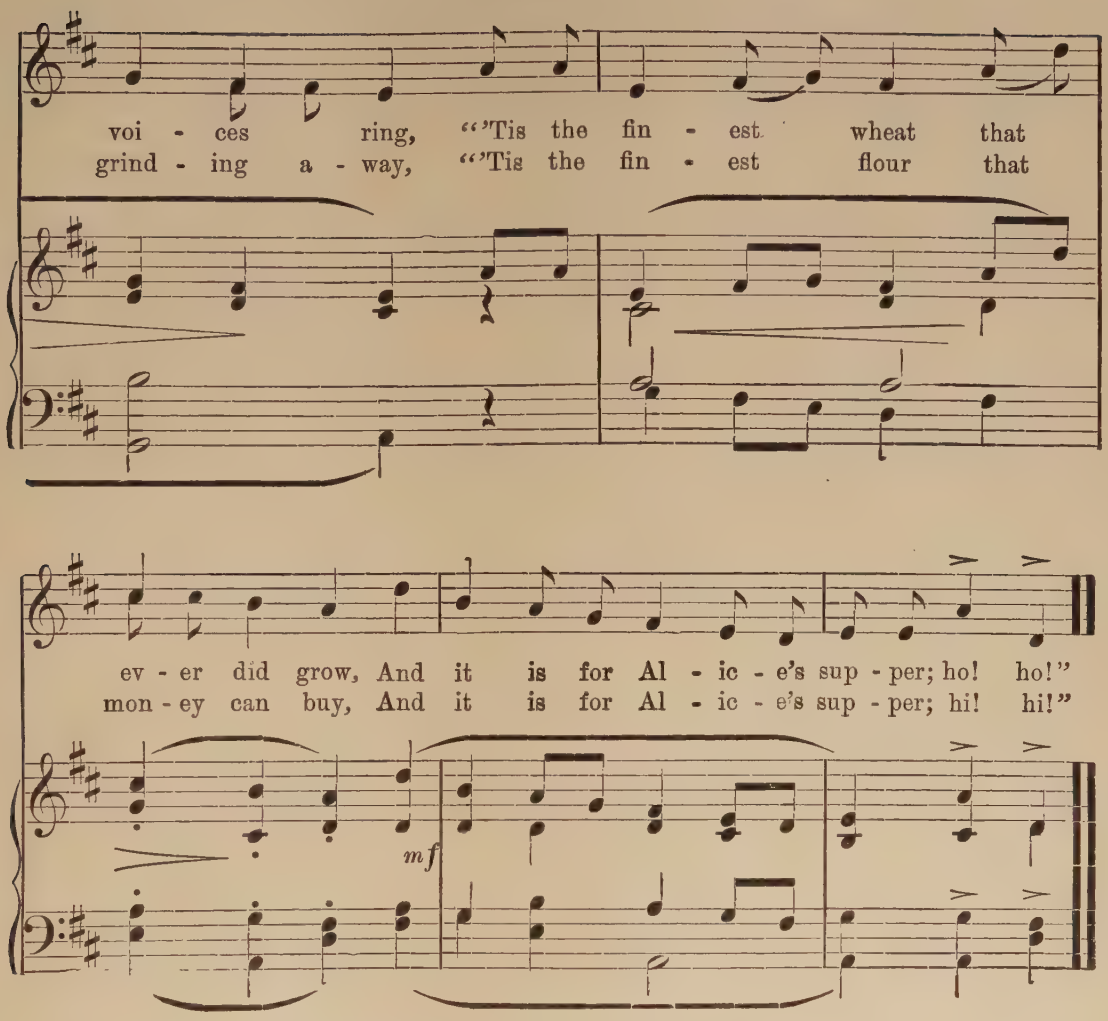
1. See the red - tops in the clo - ver! We must mow the whole field o - ver.
2. Ma - ry too, shall do the churn - ing, Yel-low cream to but - ter turn - ing.
Bon-ny Bes-sie must have hay, Sweet and ten - der ev - 'ry day, Then she'll
So the red-tops in the clo - ver, Shall be turned and tumbled o - ver, Af - ter
fill and nev - er fail, Jen - nie's shi - ny milk - ing pail.
man - y a splash and splut-ter, Turned to cream and gold - en but - ter.

62. Alice's Supper.

E. S.


Moderato.
1. Far down in the val - ley the wheat grows deep, And the
2. Far down on the riv - er the old mill stands, And the
mf
reap - ers are mak - ing the cra - dles sweep: And this is the song that I
mil - ler is rub - bing his dust - y hands; And these are the words of the
hear them sing, While cheer - y and loud their
mil - ler's lay, As he watch - es the mill stones,

Alice's Supper. Concluded.

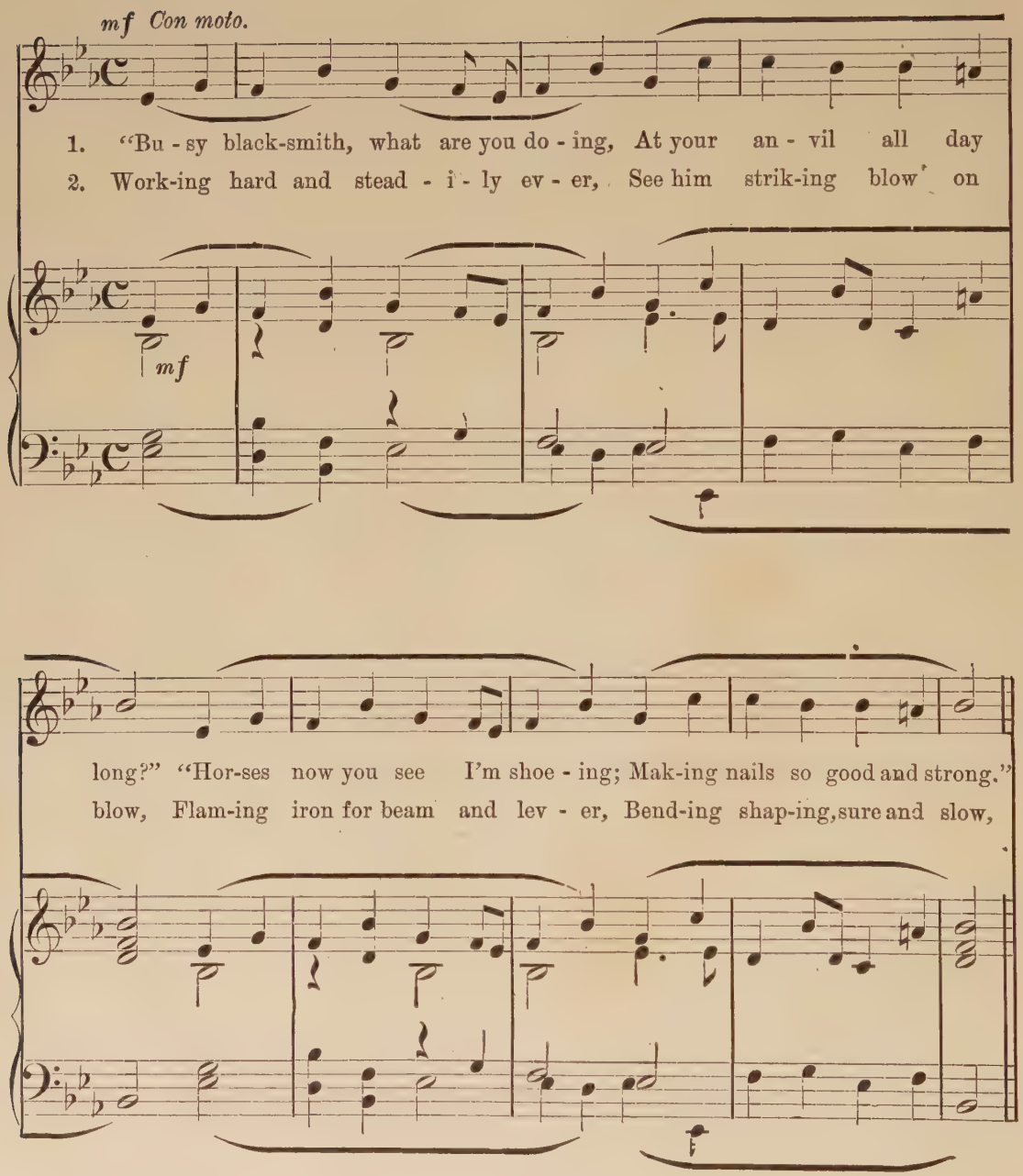

voi - ces ring, "'Tis the fin - est wheat that
grind - ing a - way, "'Tis the fin - est flour that
ev - er did grow, And it is for Al - ic - e's sup - per; ho! ho!"
mon - ey can buy, And it is for Al - ic - e's sup - per; hi! hi!"
mf

3. Down stairs in the kitchen the fire doth glow,
And the cook is a kneading the soft white dough.
And this is the song she is singing to-day,
As merry and busy she's working away;
"'Tis the whitest dough whether near or far
And it is for Alice's supper; ha! ha!"

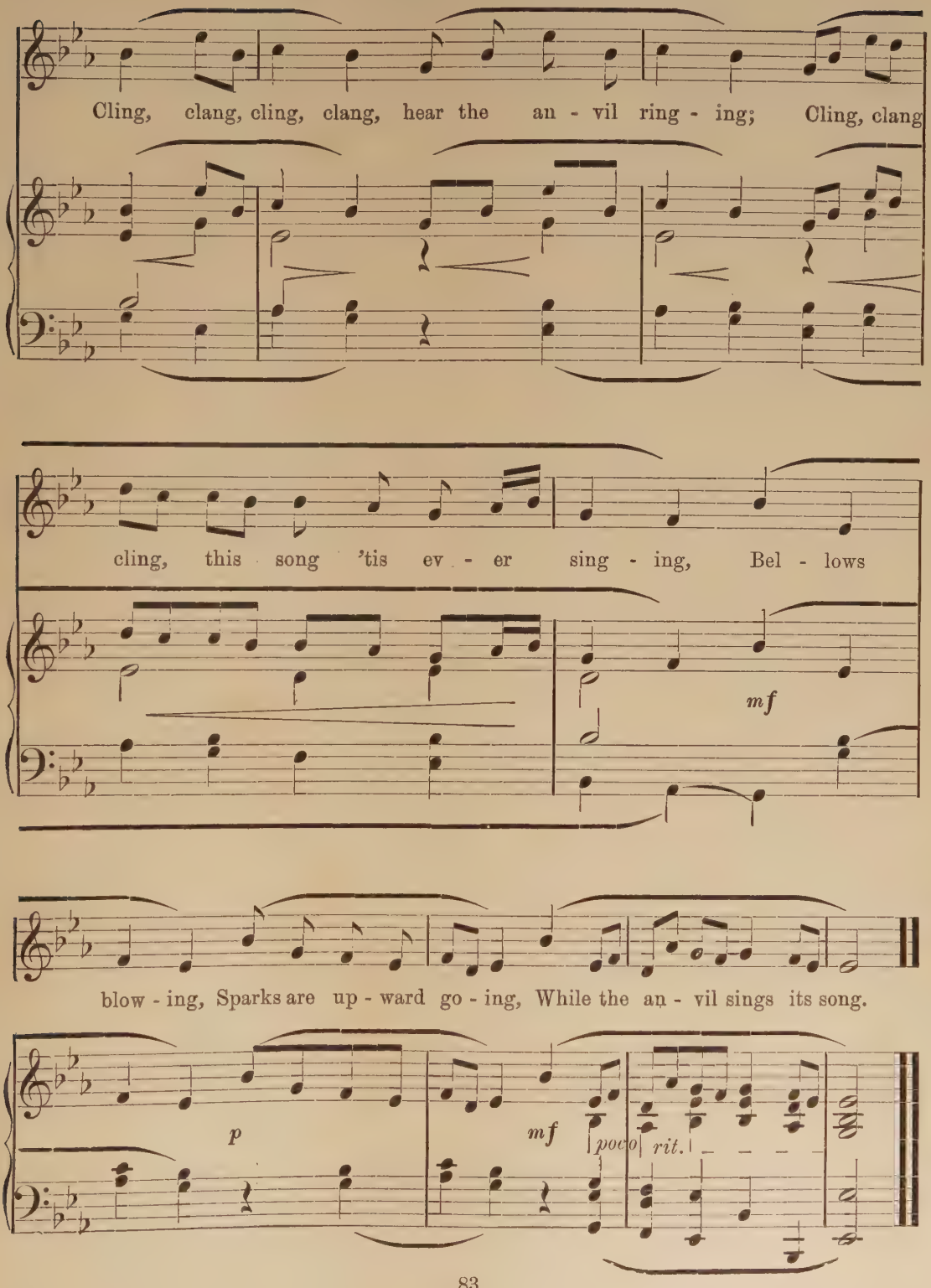
4. To the nursery now comes mother at last,
And what in her hand is she bringing so fast?
'Tis a plateful of something, all yellow and white,
And she sings as she comes, with her smile so bright;
"Tis the best bread and butter I ever did see,
And it is for Alice's supper; he! he!"

63. The Blacksmith.

Arr. from HÄNDEL.


mf Con moto.
1. "Bu - sy black-smith, what are you do - ing, At your an - vil all day
2. Work-ing hard and stead - i - ly ev - er, See him strik-ing blow on
mf
long?" "Hor-ses now you see I'm shoe - ing; Mak-ing nails so good and strong."
blow, Flam-ing iron for beam and lev - er, Bend-ing shap-ing, sure and slow,

The Blacksmith Concluded.


Cling, clang, cling, clang, hear the an - vil ring - ing; Cling, clang
cling, this song 'tis ev - er sing - ing, Bel - lows
mf
blow - ing, Sparks are up - ward go - ing, While the an - vil sings its song.
p
mf
poco rit.

64. The Carpenter.

KATE S. KELLOGG. E. S.

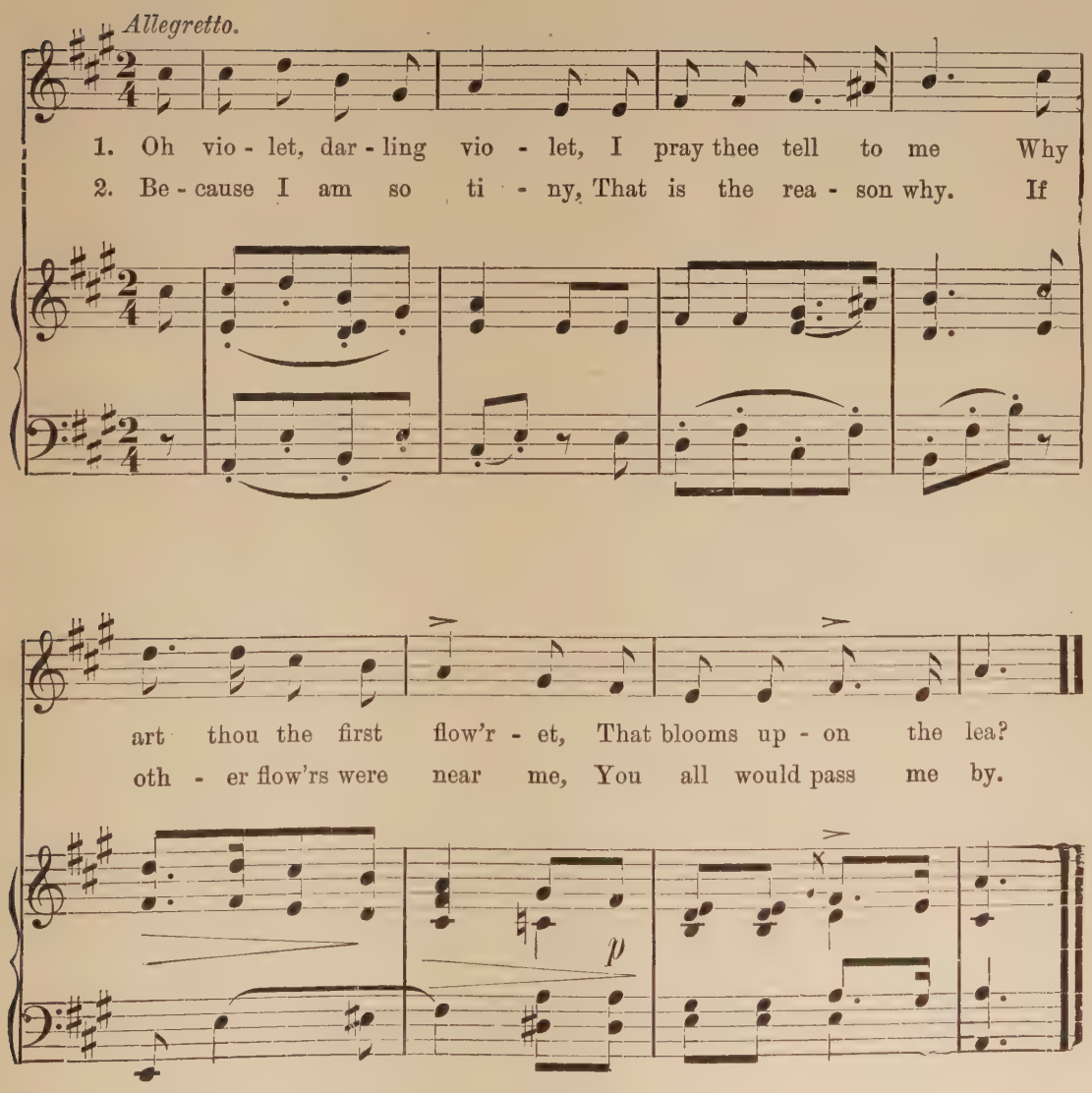
Allegro vivace.

1. Hey ham-mer! ho ham-mer! Hear the stead-y blow. 'Tis the jol-ly
2. Hey lad-der! ho lad-der! Climb-ing to the sky, 'Tis the kind-ly
3. Sing chil-dren! sing chil-dren! Mer-ri-ly and true; Praise the kind-ly
f
car-pen-ter, Who's pounding down below. Hey ham-mer! ho ham-mer! Hear the mer-ry
car-pen-ter, Who builds the house so high. Hey lad-der! ho lad-der! He doth love us
car-pen-ter, Who builds the house for you. Warm house, pretty house! Where each one doth
ring. While he builds the house for us, The car-pen-ter doth sing.
all; He puts the roof a-bove our heads, To shield when rain doth fall.
dwell, With fa-ther and with moth-er dear, Who love their child so well.

MISCELLANEOUS.

65. The Violet.

CARL REINECKE.


Allegretto.
1. Oh vio - let, dar - ling vio - let, I pray thee tell to me Why
2. Be - cause I am so ti - ny, That is the rea - son why. If
art thou the first flow'r - et, That blooms up - on the lea?
oth - er flow'rs were near me, You all would pass me by.
p

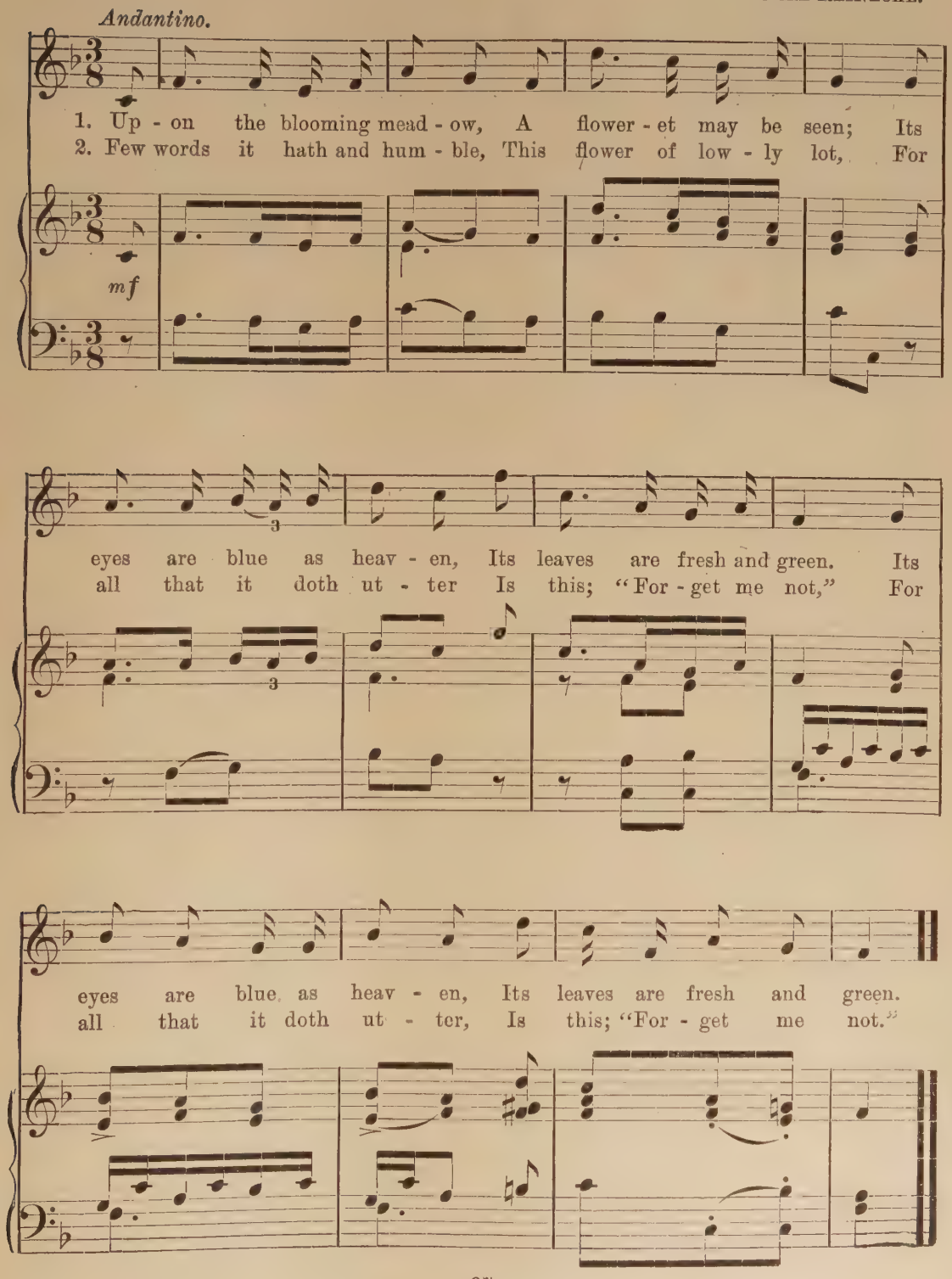
66. The Daisy.

CARL REINECKE.

Andantino.
1. I'm a hum - ble lit - tle thing, al-ways com - ing in the
2. Lit - tle chil - dren when you pass, light-ly o'er the ten - der
p dolce.
spring. In the mead - ows green I'm found, peep - ing just above the
grass, Skip a - bout, but do not tread, on my mod - est lit-tle
ground; And my stalk is cov-ered flat with a white and yel - low hat.
head; For I al - ways seem to say, "Surely win - ter's gone a - way."
calando.

67. The Forget-me-not.

CARL REINECKE.


Andantino.
1. Up - on the blooming mead - ow, A flower - et may be seen; Its
2. Few words it hath and hum - ble, This flower of low - ly lot, For
mf
eyes are blue as heav - en, Its leaves are fresh and green. Its
all that it doth ut - ter Is this; "For - get me not," For
eyes are blue as heav - en, Its leaves are fresh and green.
all that it doth ut - ter, Is this; "For - get me not."

68. Birthday Song.

Arr. from CARL REINECKE.

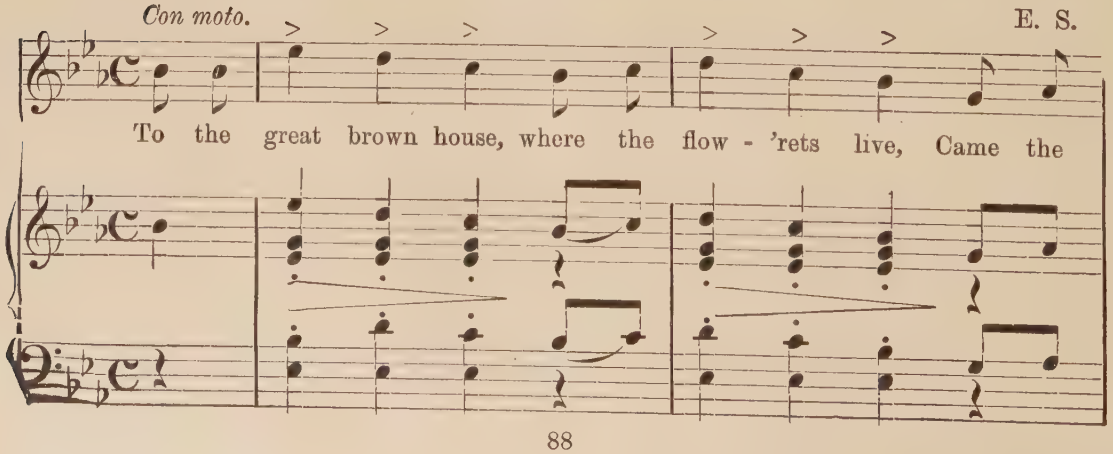
Andante con moto.

1. To thy lov - ing par - ents On this ver - y day,
2. Then there came an an - gel From a dis - tant land,
3. God in heav'n pro - tect thee, From all sor - row here;
God did gent - ly bring thee, Here on earth to stay.
Who through life did lead thee, Gen - tly by the hand.
May a hap - py birth - day, Come in ev - ry year.

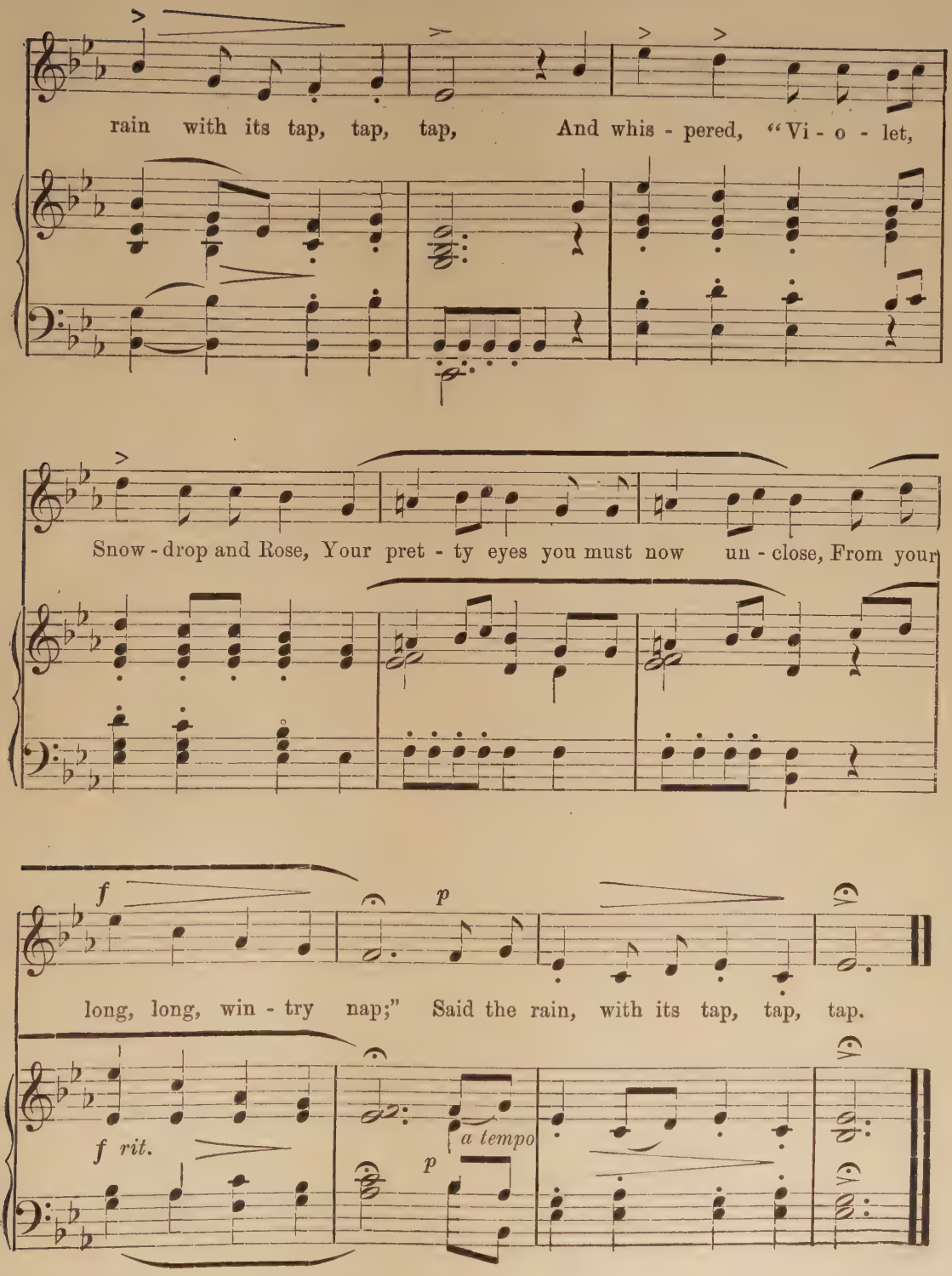
69. Rain Song.

Con moto.

E. S.



Rain Song. Concluded.


rain with its tap, tap, tap, And whis - pered, "Vi - o - let,
Snow - drop and Rose, Your pret - ty eyes you must now un - close, From your
f
p
long, long, win - try nap;" Said the rain, with its tap, tap, tap.
f rit.
a tempo
p

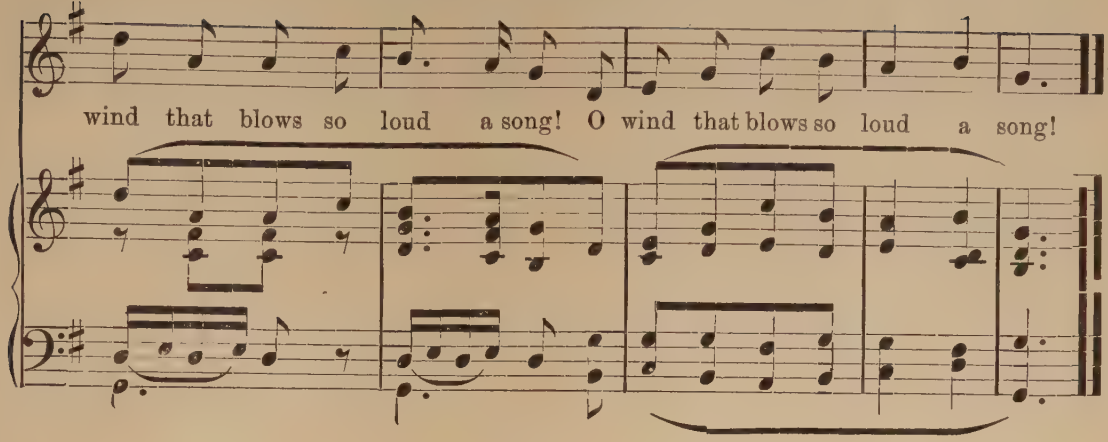
70. Wind Song.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. E. S.

Allegro moderato.

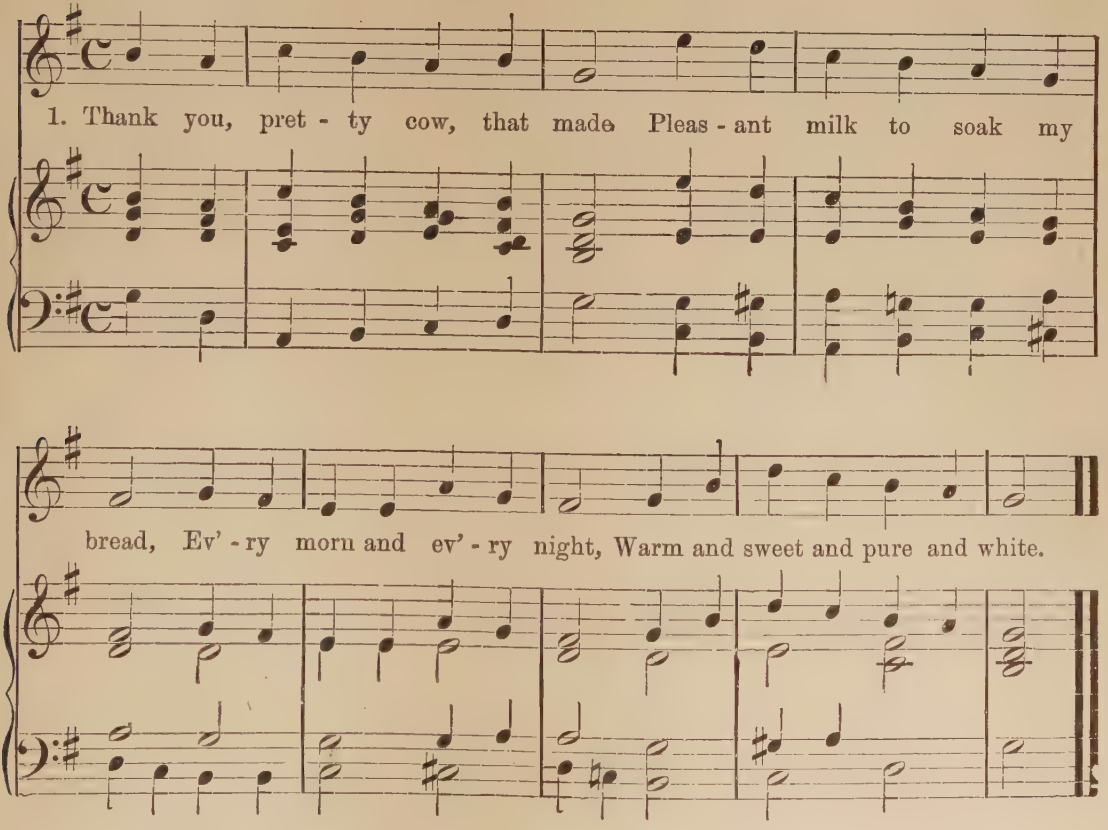
1. I saw you toss the kites on high, And blow the birds a-
2. I saw the diff-'rent things you did, But al-ways felt your-
3. O you that are so strong and cold, O blow-er, are you
bout the sky, And all a-round, I heard you pass, Like
self you hid; I felt you push, I felt you call, I
young or old? Are you a beast, of field and tree, Or
la-dies' skirts a-cross the grass; O wind a-blow-ing all night long! O
could not see your-self at all; O wind a-blow-ing all night long! O
just a big strong child like me? O wind a-blow-ing all night long! O

Wind Song. Concluded.



71. Thank You, Pretty Cow.

JANE PORTER. E. S.



2. Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank,
But the yellow cowslips eat;
They will make it very sweet.

3. Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the purple violet grows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

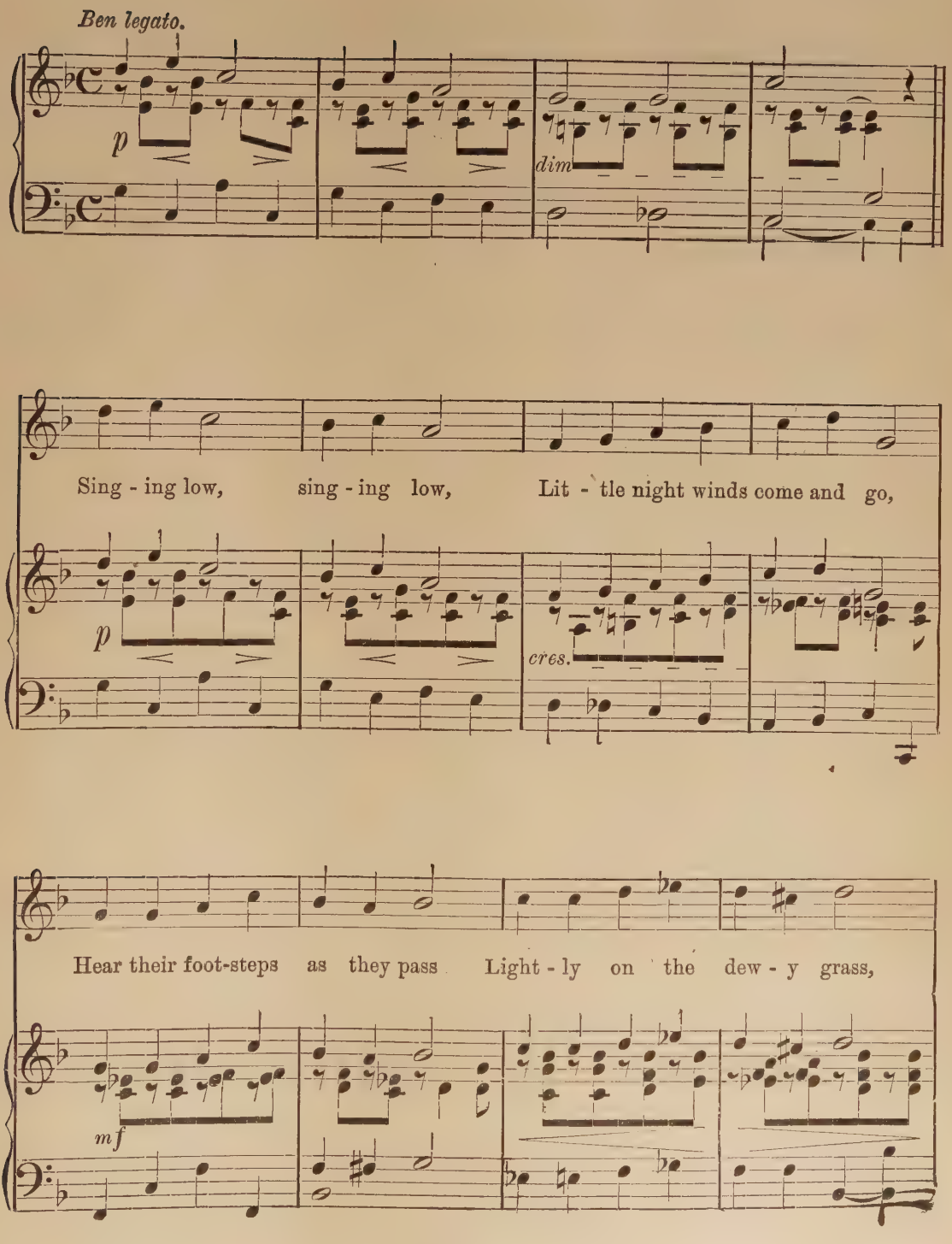
72. I Love Little Pussy.

J. W. Elliott.

p Andante non troppo.
I love lit - tle pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And
If I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. I'll sit by her side and
ten.
give her some food, and pus - sy will love me be - cause I am good.
rit e dim.
fz
fz

73. Slumber Song.

E. S.


Ben legato.
p
dim
Sing - ing low, sing - ing low, Lit - tle night winds come and go,
p
cres.
Hear their foot-steps as they pass Light - ly on the dew - y grass,
mf

Slumber Song. Continued.

Slumber Song. Concluded.

hush, my love, For the bright moon shines a-bove, Star-lets blink their yel-low eyes,
All night long in peace-ful skies, All night long their watch they keep, Lul - la - by, my
ba - by, sleep, Now the bright moon shines above; Hush, my love.

74. Sleep Baby, Sleep.

German.

Sostenuto
1. Sleep ba - by, sleep, Thy fa - ther watches his
2. Sleep ba - by, sleep, The large stars are the
3, Sleep ba - by, sleep, Thy Sa - vior loves his
p
sheep; Thy moth - er is shak - ing the dream - land tree, And
sheep; The lit - tle stars are the lambs I guess, And the
sheep; He is the Lamb of God on high, Who
cres.
down falls a lit - tle dream on thee, Sleep ba - by, sleep.
bright moon is the shep - herd - ess, Sleep ba - by, sleep.
for our sakes came down to die, Sleep ba - by, sleep.
mf
dim e rit.

75. Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.

J. W. Elliott.

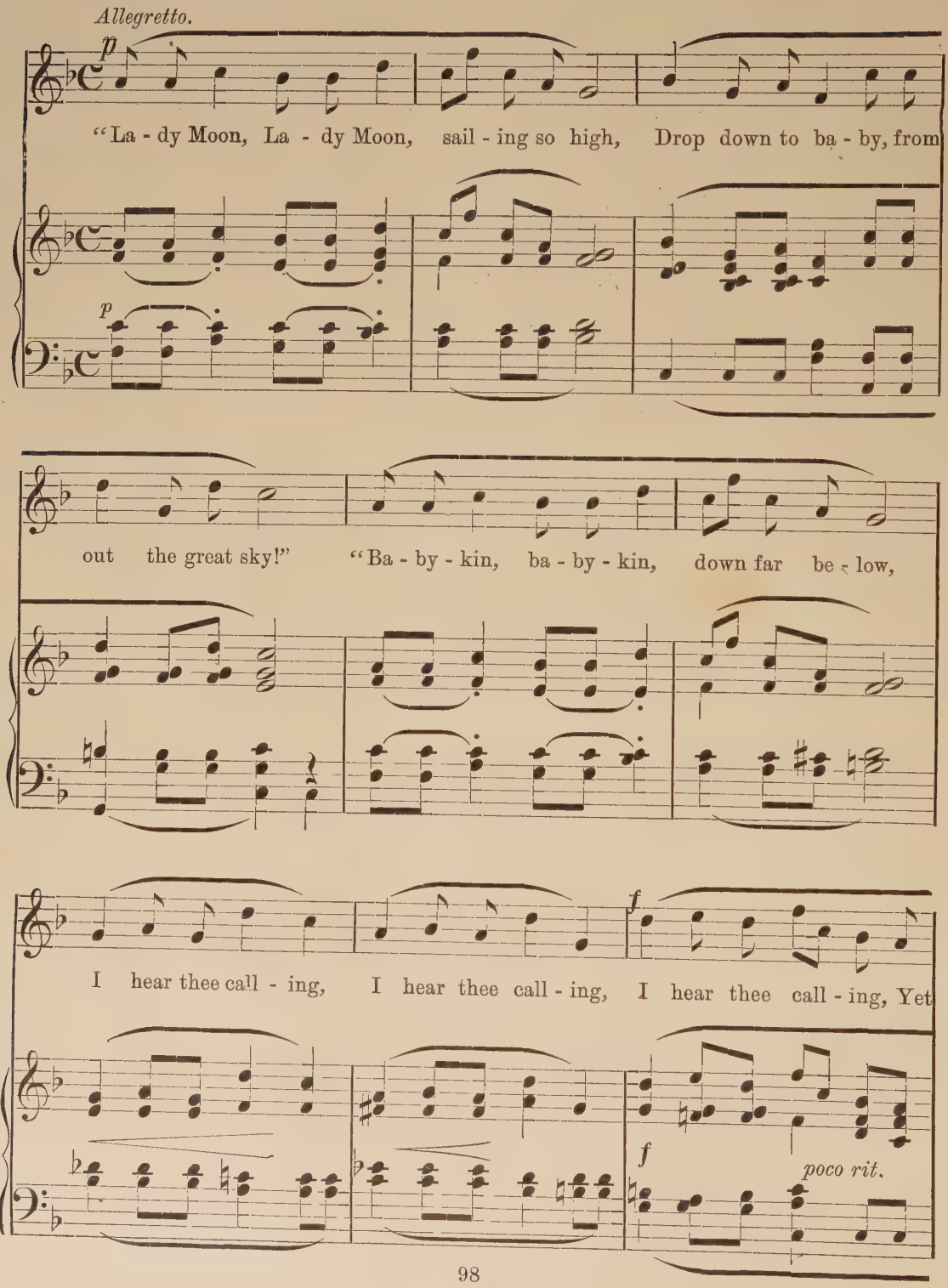
Allegretto moderato.
1. Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you
are! Up a - bove the world so high, Like a dia - mond in the sky.
fz
poco rit.
p

2. When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

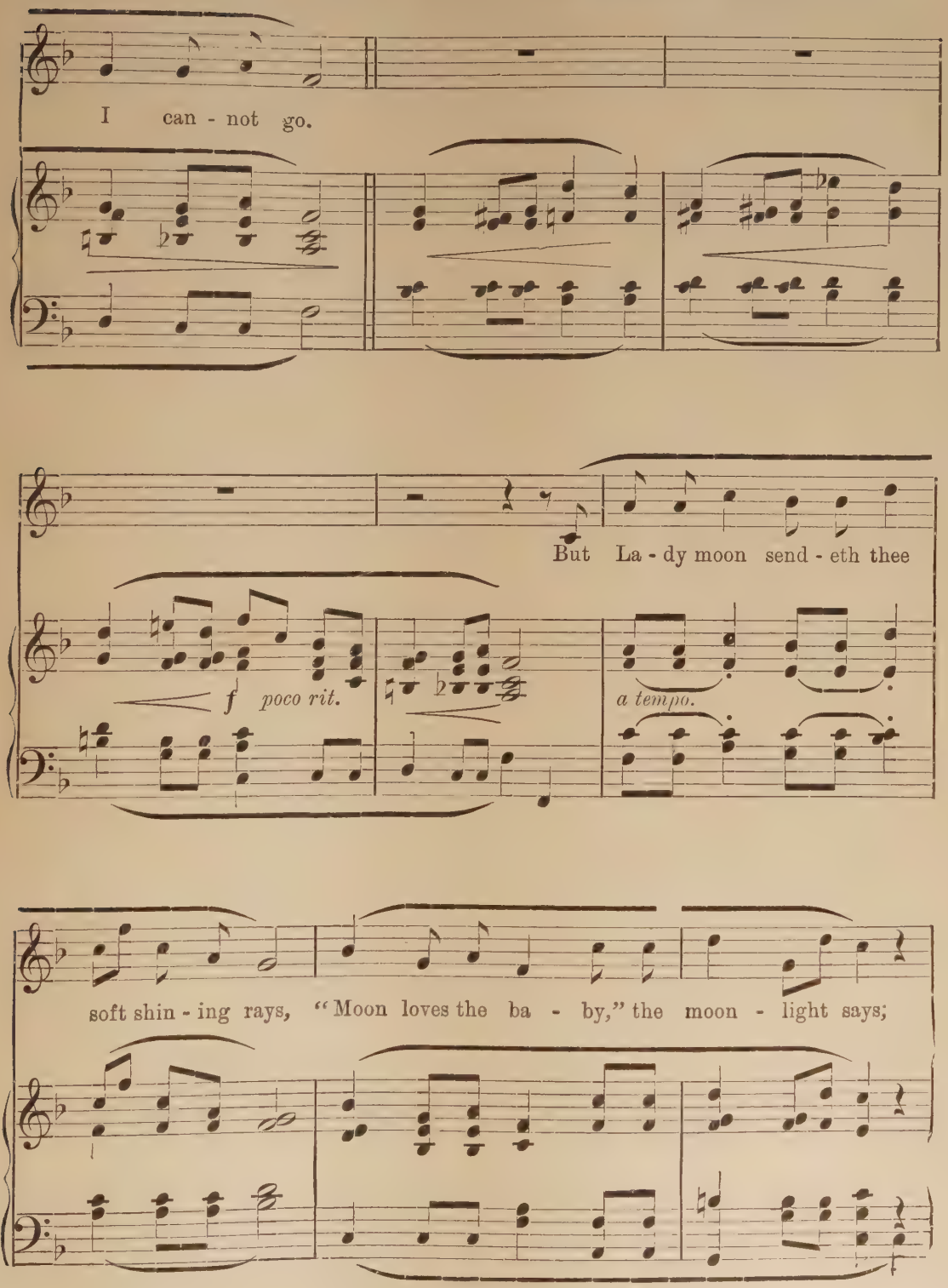
3. Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark.
How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

76. The Baby and the Moon.

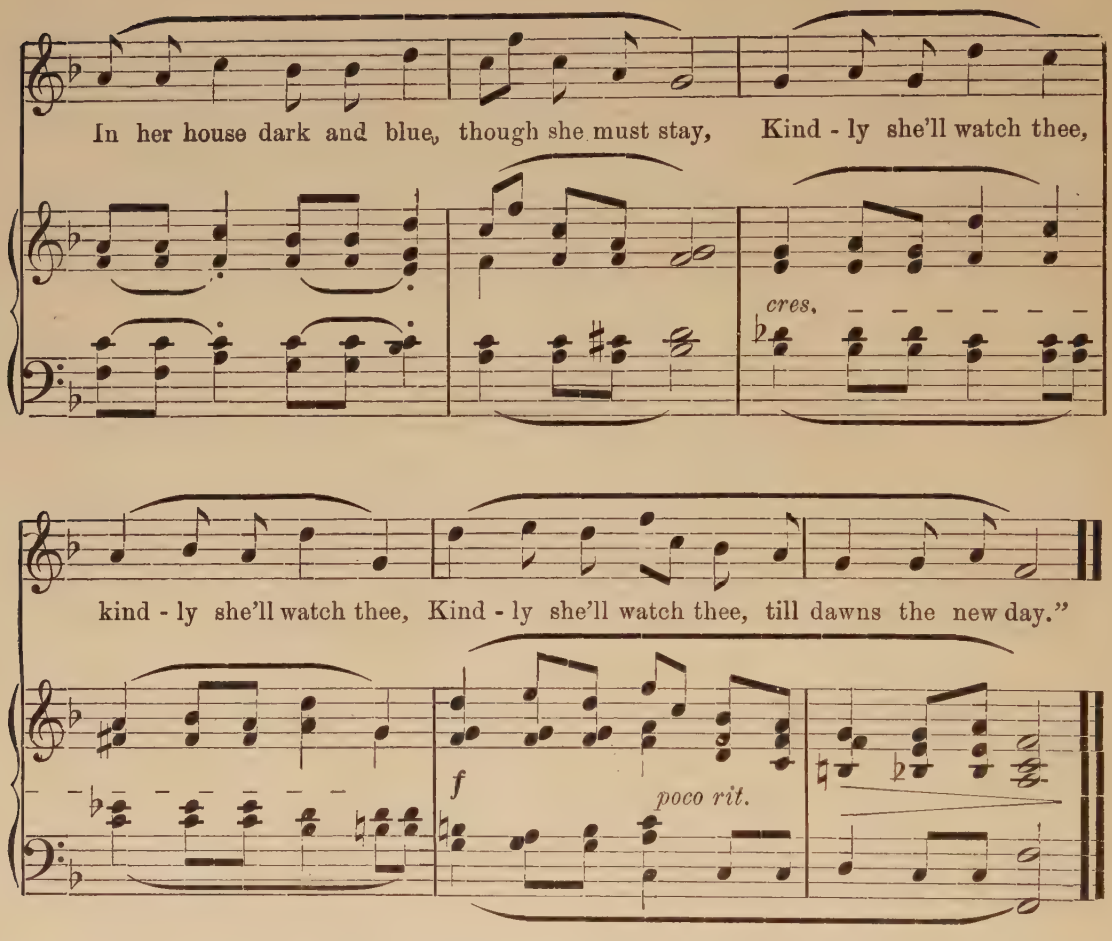
Adapted from FROEBEL, by KATE S. KELLOGG. E. S.


Allegretto.
p
"La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, sail - ing so high, Drop down to ba - by, from
p
out the great sky!" "Ba - by - kin, ba - by - kin, down far be - low,
f
I hear thee call - ing, I hear thee call - ing, I hear thee call - ing, Yet
f
poco rit.

76. The Baby and the Moon. Continued.

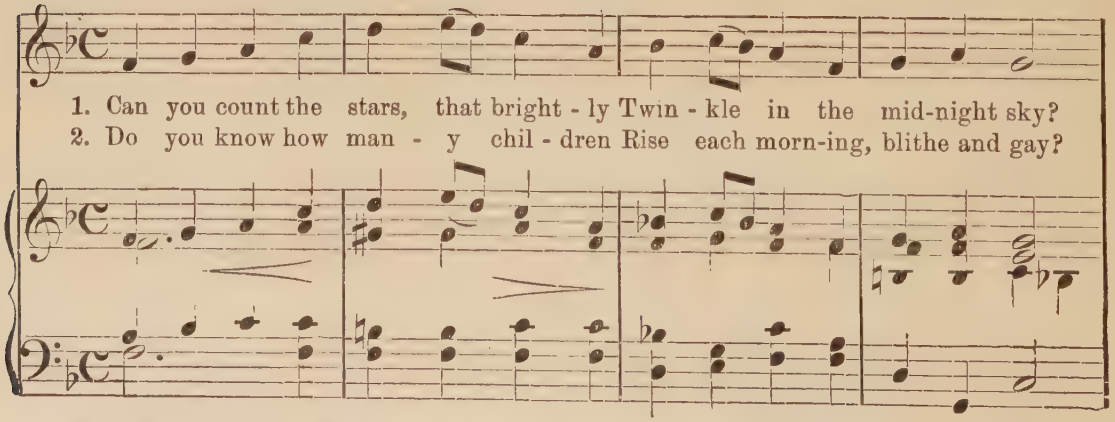


The Baby and the Moon. Concluded.


In her house dark and blue, though she must stay, Kind - ly she'll watch thee,
cres.
kind - ly she'll watch thee, Kind - ly she'll watch thee, till dawns the new day."
f
poco rit.

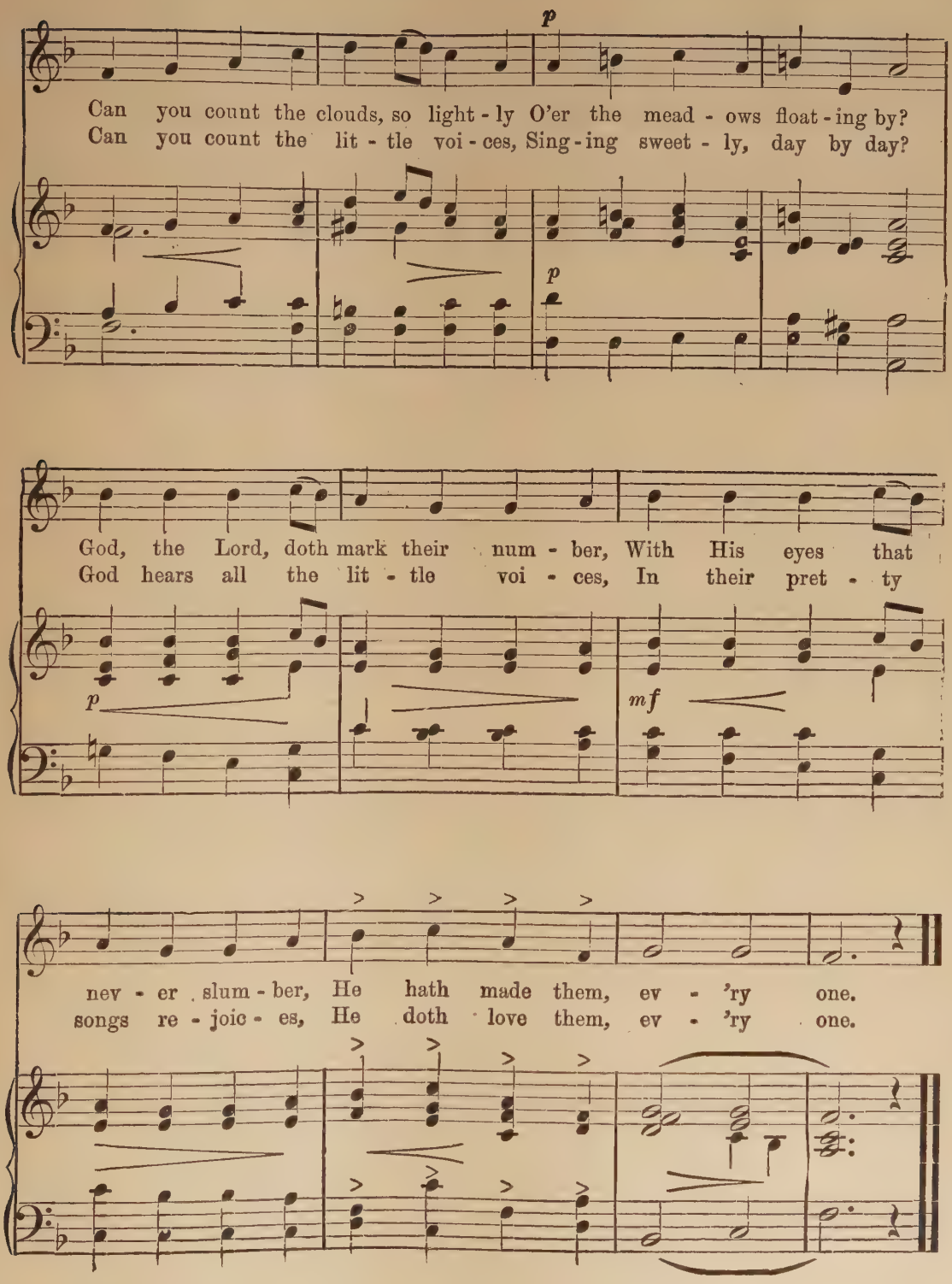
77. Can You Count the Stars?

Translated by DUELKEN. E. S.


1. Can you count the stars, that bright - ly Twin - kle in the mid-night sky?
2. Do you know how man - y chil - dren Rise each morn-ing, blithe and gay?

Words from Second Reader of Normal Music Course by kind permission of J. W. Tufts and H. E. Holt.

Can You Count the Stars? Concluded.


p
Can you count the clouds, so light - ly O'er the mead - ows float - ing by?
Can you count the lit - tle voi - ces, Sing - ing sweet - ly, day by day?
p
God, the Lord, doth mark their num - ber, With His eyes that
God hears all the lit - tle voi - ces, In their pret - ty
p
mf
nev - er slum - ber, He hath made them, ev - 'ry one.
songs re - joic - es, He doth love them, ev - 'ry one.

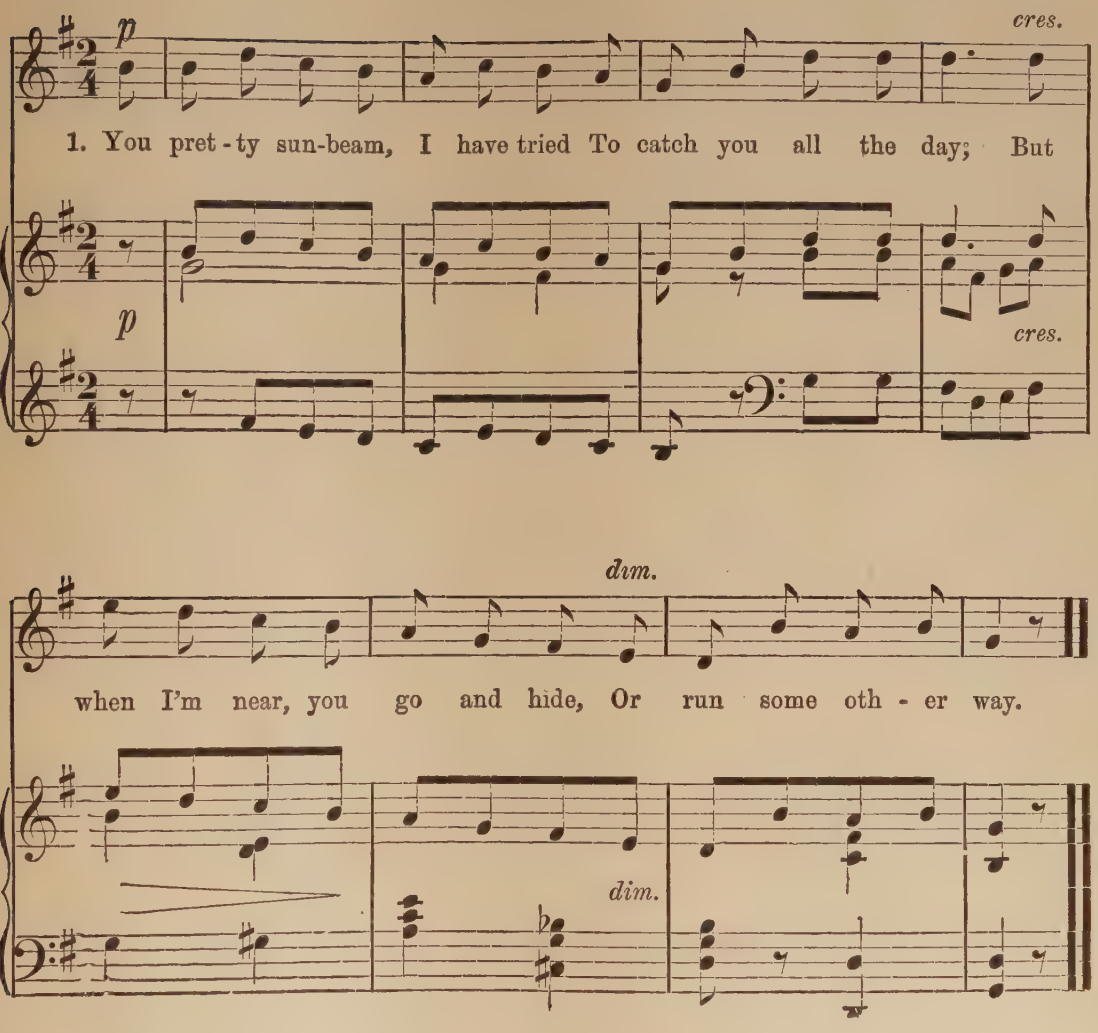
78. Litttle Boy Blue.

J. W. Elliott.

Lit-tle boy blue, come blow your horn!..... The sheep's in the mead-ow, the
cow's in the corn!..... Where's the boy that looks af-ter the sheep? He's
dim.
un - der the hay - cock, fast a - sleep.....
pp
pp

79. Little Sunbeam.

J. W. Elliott.


p
cres.
1. You pret - ty sun-beam, I have tried To catch you all the day; But
p
cres.
dim.
when I'm near, you go and hide, Or run some oth - er way.
dim.

2. O, do not dance away so fast!
You're playing with the sun.
Say, will you come to me at last,
And let us have some fun?

3. You might come back and say good-bye.
Then what d'you think I'd do?
Why set a cunning trap and try,
To catch and keep you too.

80. The Light Bird.

Adapted from FROEBEL. E. S.

Child. Allegretto.
O bird - ie, O bird - ie, sweet bird - ie, on the wall! O
p
bird - ie, O bird - ie, Sweet bird - ie, on the wall! Don't
mf
fly a - way, so fast, dear, O pray be caught at
f
mf

The Light Bird. Concluded.

last dear; O bird - ie, O bird - ie, sweet bird - ie, on the wall!
p
rit.
Mother.
piu lento.
The lit - tle bird so fond of play, In ba - by's fin - gers will not stay; 'Tis
We may not han - dle ma-ny things, Which sun-light to us dai - ly brings; But
piu lento.
made of sun -shine warm and bright, To please the lit - tle chil -dren's sight.
eyes and heart should o - pen be, So good and truth will come to thee.
mf
dim e rit.

81. A Song of Kindness.

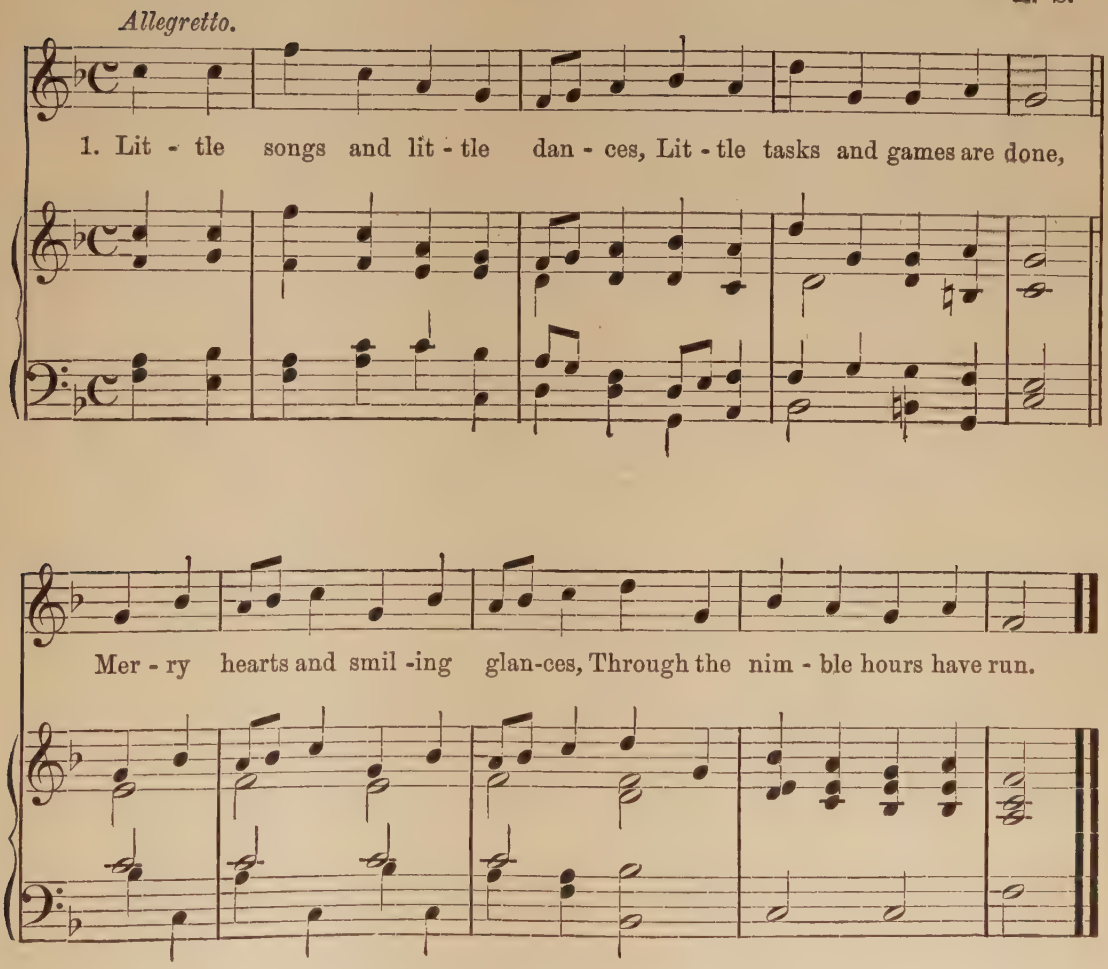
J. W. Elliott.

Andante Grazioso.
p
Be kind, lit - tle chil - dren, to those who are poor, And
ne'er a -gainst sor- row and want shut the door; Be kind, lit - tle chil - dren, to
mf
f
those who are old, For dear - er is kind-ness and bet - ter than gold.

CLOSING SONGS.

82. Little Songs and Little Dances.

E. S.


Allegretto.
1. Lit - tle songs and lit - tle dan - ces, Lit - tle tasks and games are done,
Mer - ry hearts and smil -ing glan-ces, Through the nim - ble hours have run.

2. Homeward now, sweet carols singing,
Hasten we to mother's care,
To her loving spirit bringing
Hearts more gentle, minds more fair.

3. When another day rejoices,
Here our teachers dear we'll greet,
Sing new songs for little voices,
Play new games for little feet.

83. Now the Day is Over.

Arr. from J. Barnby.

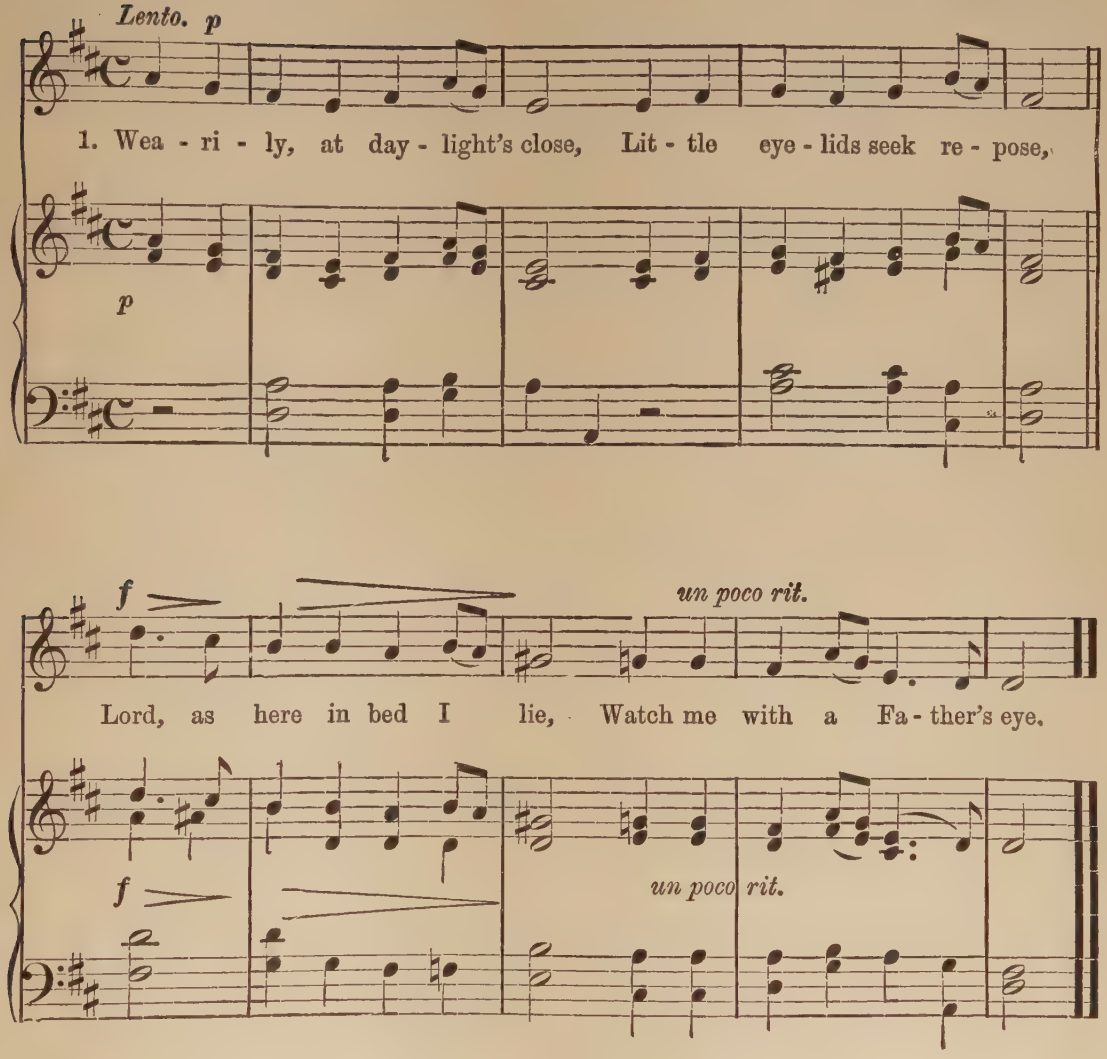
p
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,
3. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose,
pp
mf
p
Shad - ows of the eve - ning, Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With thy ten - derest bless - ing, May our eye - lids close.
f
p

4. Grant to little children,
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5. Through the lonely darkness,
May the angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

84. Evening Prayer.

CARL REINECKE.


Lento. p
1. Wea - ri - ly, at day - light's close, Lit - tle eye - lids seek re - pose,
p
f
un poco rit.
Lord, as here in bed I lie, Watch me with a Fa - ther's eye.
f
un poco rit.

2. Parents, brothers, sisters dear,
Have them in thy tenderest care,
All mankind who e'er they be,
Let them find repose in thee.

3. Sick and weary, all who weep,
Father, close their eyes in sleep,
Let the great moon from the sky,
O'er the world shine silently.

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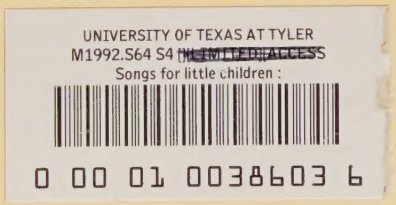

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